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MELIN-COVRT.

T. LOVE PEACOCK

VOL 2

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT LL.D.

AND PVBLISHED BY

J.M. DENT & Co AT ALDINE

HOVSE 69. GREAT EASTERN ST.

LONDON MDCCCXCI

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MELINCOURT

OR

SIR ORAN HAUT-TON.

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MELINCOURT

OR

SIR ORAN HAUT-TON.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CITY OF NOVOTE.

ON the evening of the tenth day, the barouche rattled triumphantly into the large and populous city of Novote, which was situated at a short distance from the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote. The city contained fifty thousand inhabitants, and had no representative in the Honourable House, the deficiency being virtually supplied by the two members for Onevote: who, having no affairs to attend to for the borough, or rather the burgess, that did return them, were supposed to have more leisure for those of the city which did not: a system somewhat analogous to that which the learned author of *Hermes* calls *a method of supply by negation.*

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preliminary negotiation with her hobbling Strephon had been conducted through the instrumentality of honest Christie's hammer, I cannot possibly imagine.

Mr Hippy.—Nor I, I must say. All the difference is in the form, and not in the fact. It is a pity that form does not come into fashion: it would save a world of trouble.

Mr Sarcastic.—I irreparably offended the Reverend Doctor Vorax by telling him, that having a nephew, whom I wished to shine in the church, I was on the look-out for a luminous butler, and a cook of solid capacity, under whose joint tuition he might graduate. "Who knows," said I, "but he may immortalize himself at the University, by giving his name to a pudding?"—I lost the acquaintance of Mrs Cullender, by saying to her, when she had told me a piece of gossip as a very particular secret, that there was nothing so agreeable to me as to be in possession of a secret, for I made a point of telling it to all my acquaintance;

> Intrusted under solemn vows,
> Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
> To be retailed again in whispers,
> For the easy credulous to disperse. *

Mrs Cullender left me in great wrath, protesting she would never again throw away *her* confidence on so leaky a vessel.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Ha! ha! ha! Bravo! Come, a bumper to Mrs Cullender.

* Hudibras, Part III. ii. 1493.

Mr Sarcastic.—With all my heart; and another if you please to Mr Christopher Corporate, the free, fat, and dependent burgess of Onevote, of which "plural unit" the Honourable Baronet and myself are to be the joint representatives.—(*Sir Oran Haut-ton bowed.*)

Mr Hippy.—And a third, by all means, to his Grace the Duke of Rottenburg.

Mr Sarcastic.—And a fourth, to crown all, to *the blessings of virtual representation*, which I shall endeavour to impress on as many of the worthy citizens of Novote, as shall think fit to be present, the day after to-morrow, at the proceedings of the borough of Onevote.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—And now for tea and coffee. Touch the bell for the waiter.

The bottles and glasses vanished, and the beautiful array of urns and cups succeeded. Sir Telegraph and Mr Hippy seceded from the table, and resigned their stations to Mrs and Miss Pinmoney.

Mr Forester.—Your system is sufficiently amusing, but I much question its utility. The object of moral censure is reformation, and its proper vehicle is plain and fearless sincerity: VERBA ANIMI PROFERRE, ET VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

Mr Sarcastic.—I tried that in my youth, when I was troubled with the *passion for reforming the world;** of which I have been long cured, by the conviction of the inefficacy of moral theory

* See Forsyth's Principles of Moral Science.

with respect to producing a practical change in the mass of mankind. Custom is the pillar round which opinion twines, and interest is the tie that binds it. It is not by reason that practical change can be effected, but by making a puncture to the quick in the feelings of personal hope and personal fear. The Reformation in England is one of the supposed triumphs of reason. But if the passions of Henry the Eighth had not been interested in that measure, he would as soon have built mosques as pulled down abbeys: and you will observe that, in all cases, reformation never goes as far as reason requires, but just as far as suits the personal interest of those who conduct it. Place Temperance and Bacchus side by side, in an assembly of jolly fellows, and endow the first with the most powerful eloquence that mere reason can give, with the absolute moral force of mathematical demonstration, Bacchus need not take the trouble of refuting one of her arguments; he will only have to say, "Come, my boys, here's *Damn Temperance* in a bumper," and you may rely on the toast being drank with an unanimous three times three.

(*At the sound of the word* bumper, *with which Captain Hawltaught had made him very familiar, Sir Oran Haut-ton looked round for his glass, but, finding it vanished, comforted himself with a dish of tea from the fair hand of Miss Danaretta, which, as his friend Mr Forester had interdicted him from*

the use of sugar, he sweetened as much as he could with a copious infusion of cream."*

Sir Telegraph Paragraph.—As an Opposition orator in the Honourable House will bring forward a long detail of unanswerable arguments, without even expecting that they will have the slightest influence on the vote of the majority.

Mr Sarcastic.—A reform of that honourable body, if ever it should take place, will be one of the "*triumphs of reason.*" But reason will have little to do with it. All that reason can say on the subject has been said for years, by men of all parties—while they were *out*: but the moment they were *in*, the moment their own interest came in contact with their own reason, the victory of interest was never for a moment doubtful. While the great fountain of interest, rising in the caverns of borough patronage and ministerial influence, flowed through the whole body of the kingdom in channels of paper-money, and loans, and contracts, and jobs, and places either found or made for the useful dealers in secret services, so long the predominant interests of corruption overpowered the true and permanent interests of the country: but as those channels become dry, and they are becoming so with fearful rapidity, the crew of every boat that is left aground are convinced, not by reason—that they had long heard and despised—but by the

* "Il buvoit du vin, mais le laissoit volontiers pour du lait, du thé, ou d'autres liqueurs douces."—BUFFON *of the Orang Outang, whom he saw himself in Paris.*

unexpected pressure of personal suffering, that they had been going on in the wrong way. Thus the re-action of interest takes place ; and when the concentrated interests of thousands, combined by the same pressure of personal suffering, shall have created an independent power, greater than the power of the interest of corruption, then, and not till then, the latter will give way, and this will be called the triumph of reason ; though, in truth, like all the changes in human society that have ever taken place from the birthday of the world, it will be only the triumph of one mode of interest over another : but as the triumph in this case will be of the interest of the many over that of the few, it is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Mr Forester.—If I should admit that "the hope of personal advantage, and the dread of personal punishment," are the only springs that set the mass of mankind in action, the inefficacy of reason, and the inutility of moral theory, will by no means follow from the admission. The progress of truth is slow, but its ultimate triumph is secure ; though its immediate effects may be rendered almost imperceptible, by the power of habit and interest. If the philosopher cannot reform his own times, he may lay the foundation of amendment in those that follow. Give currency to reason, improve the moral code of society, and the theory of one generation will be the practice of the next. After a certain period of life, and that no very advanced one, men in general become perfectly unpersuadable to

all practical purposes. Few philosophers, therefore, I believe, expect to produce much change in the habits of their contemporaries, as Plato proposed to banish from his republic all above the age of ten, and give a good education to the rest.

Mr Sarcastic.—Or, as Heraclitus the Ephesian proposed to his countrymen, that all above the age of fourteen should hang themselves, before he would consent to give laws to the remainder.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BOROUGH OF ONEVOTE.

THE day of election arrived. Mr Sarcastic's rumoured preparations, and the excellence of the ale which he had broached in the city of Novote, had given a degree of *éclat* to the election for the borough of Onevote, which it had never before possessed; the representatives usually sliding into their nomination with the same silence and decorum with which a solitary spinster slides into her pew at Wednesday's or Friday's prayers in a country church. The resemblance holds good also in this respect, that, as the curate addresses the solitary maiden with the appellation of *dearly beloved brethren*, so the representatives always pluralized their solitary elector, by conferring on him the appellation of *a respectable body of constituents*. Mr Sarcastic, however, being determined to amuse himself at the expense of this most "venerable *feature*" in our old constitution, as Lord C.* calls a rotten borough, had brought Mr Christopher Corporate into his views, by the

* Castlereagh, whose malapropisms afforded continual merriment to his political opponents.—G.

adhibition of *persuasion in a tangible shape*. It was generally known in Novote, that something would be going forward at Onevote, though nobody could tell precisely what, except that a long train of brewer's drays had left the city for the borough, in grand procession, on the preceding day, under the escort of a sworn band of special constables, who were to keep guard over the ale all night. This detachment was soon followed by another, under a similar escort, and with similar injunctions: and it was understood that this second expedition of *frothy rhetoric* was sent forth under the auspices of Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet, the brother candidate of Simon Sarcastic, Esquire, for the representation of the ancient and honourable borough.

The borough of Onevote stood in the middle of a heath, and consisted of a solitary farm, of which the land was so poor and untractable, that it would not have been worth the while of any human being to cultivate it, had not the Duke of Rottenburgh found it very well worth his to pay his tenant for living there, to keep the honourable borough in existence.

Mr Sarcastic left the city of Novote some hours before his new acquaintance, to superintend his preparations, followed by crowds of persons of all descriptions, pedestrians and equestrians; old ladies in chariots, and young ladies on donkeys; the farmer on his hunter, and the tailor on his hack; the grocer and his family six in a chaise; the dancing-master in his tilbury; the banker in his

tandem; mantua-makers and servant-maids twenty-four in the waggon, fitted up for the occasion with a canopy of evergreens; pastry-cooks, men-milliners, and journeymen tailors, by the stage, running for that day only, six inside and fourteen out; the sallow artisan emerging from the cellar or the furnace, to freshen himself with the pure breezes of Onevote Heath; the bumpkin in his laced boots and Sunday coat, trudging through the dust with his cherry-cheeked lass on his elbow; the gentleman coachman on his box, with his painted charmer by his side; the lean curate on his half-starved Rosinante; the plump bishop setting an example of Christian humility in his carriage and six; the doctor on his white horse, like Death in the Revelation; and the lawyer on his black one, like the devil in the Wild Huntsmen.

Almost in the rear of this motley cavalcade went the barouche of Sir Telegraph Paxarett, and rolled up to the scene of action amidst the shouts of the multitude.

The heath had very much the appearance of a race-ground; with booths and stalls, the voices of pie-men and apple-women, the grinding of barrel organs, the scraping of fiddles, the squeaking of ballad singers, the chirping of corkscrews, the vociferations of ale-drinkers, the cries of the "last dying speeches of desperate malefactors," and of "The History and Antiquities of the honourable Borough of Onevote, a full and circumstantial account, all in half a sheet, for the price of one halfpenny!"

The hustings were erected in proper form, and immediately opposite to them was an enormous marquee with a small opening in front, in which was seated the important person of Mr Christopher Corporate, with a tankard of ale and a pipe. The ladies remained in the barouche under the care of Sir Telegraph and Mr Hippy. Mr Forester, Mr Fax, and Sir Oran Haut-ton joined Mr Sarcastic on the hustings.

Mr Sarcastic stepped forward amidst the shouts of the assembled crowd, and addressed Mr Christopher Corporate:

"Free, fat, and dependent burgess of this ancient and honourable borough! I stand forward an unworthy candidate, to be the representative of so important a personage, who comprises in himself a three-hundredth part of the whole elective capacity of this extensive empire. For if the whole population be estimated at eleven millions, with what awe and veneration must I look on one, who is, as it were, the abstract and quintessence of thirty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-six people! The voice of Stentor was like the voice of fifty, and the voice of Harry Gill* was like the voice of three; but what are these to the voice of Mr Christopher Corporate, which gives utterance in one breath to the concentrated power of thirty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-six voices? Of such an one it may indeed be said, that *he is himself an host* and that *none but himself can be his parallel.*

* See Mr Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads.

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signor! it is usual on these occasions to make a great vapouring about honour and conscience: but as those words are now generally acknowledged to be utterly destitute of meaning, I have too much respect for your understanding to say anything about them. The *monied interest*, Mr Corporate, for which you are as illustrious *as the sun at noon-day*, is the great point of connection and sympathy between us; and no circumstances can throw a *wet blanket* on the ardour of our reciprocal esteem, while the *fundamental feature* of our mutual interests presents itself to us in so *tangible a shape*.* How high a value I set upon your voice, you may judge by the price I have paid for half of it: which, indeed, deeply lodged as my feelings are in my pocket, I yet see no reason to regret, since you will thus confer on mine, a transmutable and marketable value which I trust by proper management will leave me no loser by the bargain."

"Huzza!" said Mr Corporate.

"People of the city of Novote!" proceeded Mr Sarcastic, "some of you, I am informed, consider yourselves aggrieved, that while your large and populous city has no share whatever in the formation of the Honourable House, the *plural unity* of Mr Christopher Corporate should be invested with the privilege of double representation. But gentlemen, representation is of two kinds, actual and

*The figures of speech marked in Italics are familiar to the admirers of parliamentary rhetoric.

virtual: an important distinction, and of great political consequence.

"The Honourable Baronet and myself being the actual representatives of the fat burgess of Onevote, shall be the virtual representatives of the worthy citizens of Novote; and you may rely on it, gentlemen (*with his hand on his heart*), we shall always be deeply attentive to your interests, when they happen, as no doubt they sometimes will, to be perfectly compatible with our own.

"A member of Parliament, gentlemen, to speak to you in your own phrase, is a sort of staple commodity, manufactured for home consumption. Much has been said of the improvement of machinery in the present age, by which one man may do the work of a dozen. If this be admirable, and admirable it is acknowledged to be by all the civilized world, how much more admirable is the improvement of political machinery, by which one man does the work of thirty thousand! I am sure, I need not say another word to a great manufacturing population like the inhabitants of the city of Novote, to convince them of the beauty and utility of this most luminous arrangement.

"The duty of a representative of the people, whether actual or virtual, is simply *to tax*. Now this important branch of public business is much more easily and expeditiously transacted by the means of virtual, than it possibly could be by that of actual representation. For when the minister draws up his scheme of ways and means, he will do

it with much more celerity and confidence, when he knows that the propitious countenance of virtual representation will never cease to smile upon him as long as he continues in place, than if he had to encounter the doubtful aspect of actual representation, which might, perhaps, look black on some of his favourite projects, thereby greatly impeding the distribution of secret service money at home, and placing foreign legitimacy in a very awkward predicament. The carriage of the state would then be like a chariot in a forest, turning to the left for a troublesome thorn, and to the right for a sturdy oak; whereas it now rolls forward like the car of Juggernaut over the plain crushing whatever offers to impede its way.

"The constitution says that no man shall be taxed but by his own consent: a very plausible theory, gentleman, but not reducible to practice. Who will apply a lancet to his own arm, and bleed himself? Very few, you acknowledge. Who then, *à fortiori*, would apply a lancet to his own pocket, and draw off what is dearer to him than his blood—his money? Fewer still, of course: I humbly opine, none.—What then remains but to appoint a royal college of state surgeons, who may operate on the patient according to their views of his case? Taxation is political phlebotomy: the Honourable House is, figuratively speaking, a royal college of state surgeons. A good surgeon must have firm nerves and a steady hand; and, perhaps, the less feeling the better. Now, it is manifest,

that, as all feeling is founded on sympathy, the fewer constituents a representative has, the less must be his sympathy with the public, and the less, of course as is desirable, his feeling for his patient — the people: — who, therefore, with so much *sang froid*, can phlebotomize the nation, as the representative of half an elector?

"Gentlemen, as long as a *full Gazette* is pleasant to the *quidnunc;* as long as an empty purse is delightful to the spendthrift; as long as the cry of *Question* is a satisfactory *answer* to an argument, and to outvote reason is to refute it; as long as the way to pay old debts is to incur new ones of five times the amount: as long as the grand recipes of political health and longevity are *bleeding* and *hot water*—so long must you rejoice in the privileges of Mr Christopher Corporate, so long must you acknowledge from the very bottom of your pockets, the benefits and blessings of *virtual representation.*"

This harangue was received with great applause, acclamations rent the air, and ale flowed in torrents. Mr Forester declined speaking, and the party on the hustings proceeded to business. Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet, and Simon Sarcastic, Esquire, were nominated in form. Mr Christopher Corporate held up both his hands, with his tankard in one, and his pipe in the other: and neither poll nor scrutiny being demanded, the two candidates were pronounced duly elected as representatives of the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote.

The shouts were renewed: the ale flowed rapidly: the pipe and tankard of Mr Corporate were replenished. Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet, M.P., bowed gracefully to the people with his hand on his heart.

A cry was now raised of "Chair 'em! chair 'em!" when Mr Sarcastic again stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a slight difficulty opposes itself to the honour you would confer on us. The members should, according to form, be chaired by their electors; and how can one elector, great man as he is, chair two representatives? But to obviate this dilemma as well as circumstances admit, I move that the 'large body corporate of one' whom the Honourable Baronet and myself have the honour to represent, do resolve himself into a committee."

He had no sooner spoken, than the marquee opened, and a number of bulky personages, all in dress, aspect, size, and figure, very exact resemblances of Mr Christopher Corporate, each with his pipe and his tankard, emerged into daylight, who encircling their venerable prototype, lifted their tankards high in air, and pronounced with Stentorian symphony, "HAIL, PLURAL UNIT!" Then, after a simultaneous draught, throwing away their pipes and tankards, for which the mob immediately scrambled, they raised on high two magnificent chairs, and prepared to carry into effect the last ceremony of the election. The party on the hustings descended. Mr Sarcastic

stepped into his chair; and his part of the procession, headed by Mr Christopher Corporate, and surrounded by a multiform and many-coloured crowd, moved slowly off towards the city of Novote, amidst the undistinguishable clamour of multitudinous voices.

Sir Oran Haut-ton watched the progress of his precursor, as his chair rolled and swayed over the sea of heads, like a boat with one mast on a stormy ocean; and the more he watched the agitation of its movements, the more his countenance gave indications of strong dislike to the process: so that when his seat in the second chair was offered to him, he with a very polite bow declined the honour. The party that was to carry him, thinking that his repugnance arose entirely from diffidence, proceeded with gentle force to overcome his scruples, when not precisely penetrating their motives, and indignant at this attempt to violate the freedom of the natural man, he seized a stick from a sturdy farmer at his elbow, and began to lay about him with great vigour and effect. Those who escaped being knocked down by the first sweep of his weapon, ran away with all their might, but were soon checked by the pressure of the crowd, who hearing the noise of conflict, and impatient to ascertain the cause, bore down from all points upon a common centre, and formed a circumferential pressure that effectually prohibited the egress of those within; and they, in their turn, in their eagerness to escape from Sir Oran (who

like Artegall's Iron Man, or like Ajax among the Trojans, or like Rodomonte in Paris, or like Orlando among the soldiers of Agramant, kept clearing for himself an ample space in the midst of the encircling crowd), waged desperate conflict with those without; so that from the equal and opposite action of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, resulted a stationary combat, raging between the circumferences of two concentric circles, with barbaric dissonance of deadly feud, and infinite variety of oath and execration, till Sir Oran, charging desperately along one of the radii, fought a free passage through all opposition; and rushing to the barouche of Sir Telegraph Paxarett, sprung to his old station on the box, from whence he shook his sapling at the foe with looks of mortal defiance. Mr Forester, who had been forcibly parted from him at the commencement of the strife, had been all anxiety on his account, mounted with great alacrity to his station on the roof: the rest of the party was already seated: the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney, half-fainting with terror, earnestly entreated Sir Telegraph to fly: Sir Telegraph cracked his whip, the horses sprang forward like racers, the wheels went round like the wheels of a firework. The tumult of battle lessening as they receded, came wafted to them on the wings of the wind: for the flame of discord having been once kindled, was not extinguished by the departure of its first flambeau—Sir Oran; but war raged wide and far, here in the thickest

mass of central fight, there in the light skirmishing of flying detachments. The hustings were demolished, and the beams and planks turned into offensive weapons: the booths were torn to pieces, and the canvas converted into flags floating over the heads of magnanimous heroes that rushed to revenge they knew not what, in deadly battle with they knew not whom. The stalls and barrows were upset; and the pears, apples, oranges, mutton-pies, and masses of gingerbread, flew like missiles of fate in all directions. The *sanctum sanctorum* of the ale was broken into, and the guardians of the Hesperian liquor were put to ignominious rout. Hats and wigs were hurled into the air, never to return to the heads from which they had suffered violent divorce The collision of sticks, the ringing of empty ale casks, the shrieks of women, and the vociferations of combatants, mingled in one deepening and indescribable tumult: till at length, everything else being levelled with the heath, they turned the mingled torrent of their wrath on the cottage of Mr Corporate, to which they triumphantly set fire, and danced round the blaze like a rabble of village boys round the effigy of the immortal Guy. In a few minutes the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote was reduced to ashes: but we have the satisfaction to state that it was rebuilt a few days afterwards, at the joint expense of its two representatives, and His Grace the Duke of Rottenburgh.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

THE compassionate reader will perhaps sympathize in our anxiety, to take one peep at Lord Anophel Achthar and the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub, whom we left perched on the summit of the rock, where Sir Oran had placed them, looking at each other as ruefully as Hudibras and Ralpho in their "wooden bastile," and falling by degrees into as knotty an argument, the *quæritur* of which was, how to descend from their elevation—an exploit which to them seemed replete with danger and difficulty. Lord Anophel, having, for the first time in his life, been made acquainted with the salutary effects of manual discipline, sate boiling with wrath and revenge; while the Rev. Mr Grovelgrub, who in his youthful days had been beaten black and blue in the capacity of *fag* (a practice which reflects so much honour on our public seminaries), bore the infliction with more humility.

Lord Anophel Achthar (*rubbing his shoulder*)—This is all your doing, Grovelgrub—all your fault, curse me!

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—Oh, my Lord! my intention was good, though the catastrophe is ill. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—But the battle was to the strong in this instance, Grovelgrub, curse me! though from the speed with which you began to run off on the first alarm, it was no fault of yours that the race was not to the swift.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—I must do your Lordship the justice to say, that you too started with a degree of celerity highly creditable to your capacity of natural locomotion; and if that ugly monster, the dumb Baronet, had not knocked us both down in the incipiency of our progression——

Lord Anophel Achthar. — We should have escaped as our two rascals did, who shall bitterly rue their dereliction. But as to the dumb Baronet, who has treated me with gross impertinence on various occasions, I shall certainly call him out, to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—Oh, my Lord.

> Though with pistols 'tis the fashion
> To satisfy your passion;
> Yet where's the satisfaction,
> If you perish in the action?

Lord Anophel Achthar.—One of us must perish, Grovelgrub, 'pon honour. Death or revenge! We're blown, Grovelgrub. He took off our masks; and though he can't speak, he can

write, no doubt, and read too, as I shall try with a challenge.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—Can't speak, my Lord, is by no means clear. Won't speak, perhaps: none are so dumb as those who won't speak. Don't you think, my Lord, there was a sort of melancholy about him—a kind of sullenness. Crossed in love, I suspect. People crossed in love, Saint Chrysostom says, lose their voice.

Lord Anophel Achthar. — Then I wish you were crossed in love, Grovelgrub, with all my heart.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub. — Nay, my Lord, what so sweet in calamity as the voice of the spiritual comforter? All shall be well yet, my Lord. I have an infallible project hatching here: Miss Melincourt shall be ensconced in Alga Castle, and then the day is our own.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Grovelgrub, you know the old receipt for stewing a carp: "First, catch your carp."

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—Your Lordship is pleased to be facetious: but if the carp be not caught, let me be devilled like a biscuit after the second bottle, or a turkey's leg at a twelfth night supper. The carp shall be caught.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Well, Grovelgrub, only take notice that I'll not come again within ten miles of dummy.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—You may rely upon it my Lord, I shall always know my distance from

the Honourable Baronet. But my plot is a good plot, and cannot fail of success.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—You are a very skilful contriver, to be sure: this is your contrivance, our perch on the top of this rock. Now contrive, if you can, some way of getting to the bottom of it.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—My Lord, there is a passage in Æschylus very applicable to our situation, where the chorus wishes to be in precisely such a place.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Then I wish the chorus were here instead of us, Grovelgrub, with all my soul.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—It is a very fine passage, my Lord, and worth your attention: the rock is described as

> λισσας ἀιγιλιψ ἀπροσδεικτος
> διοφρων ἐρημας γυπιας πετρα,
> βαθυ πτωμα μαρτυρουσα μοι.*

That is, my Lord, a precipitous rock, inaccessible to the goat—not to be pointed at (from having, as I take it, its head in the clouds), where there is the loneliness of mind, and the solitude of desolation, where the vulture has its nest, and the precipice testifies a deep and headlong fall.

Lord Anophel Achthar. — I'll tell you what, Grovelgrub; if ever I catch you quoting Æschylus again, I'll cashier you from your tutorship—that's positive.

* Supplices. 807. Ed. Schutz.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—I am dumb, my Lord.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Think, I tell you, of some way of getting down.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—Nothing more easy, my Lord.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Plummet fashion, I suppose?

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—Why, as your Lordship seems to hint, that certainly is the most expeditious method; but not, I think, in all points of view, the most advisable. On this side of the rock is a *dumetum:* we can descend, I think, by the help of the roots and shoots. O dear! I shall be like Virgil's goat: I shall be seen from far to hang from the bushy rock *Dumosâ pendere procul de rupe videbor!*

Lord Anophel Achthar.—Confound your Greek and Latin! you know there is nothing I hate so much; and I thought you did so too, or you have *finished* your *education* to no purpose at college.

The Rev. Mr Grovelgrub.—I do, my Lord: I hate them mortally, more than anything except philosophy and the dumb Baronet.

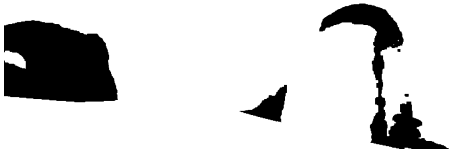
Lord Anophel Achthar proceeded to examine the side of the rock to which the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub had called his attention; and as it seemed the most practicable mode of descent, it was resolved to submit to necessity, and make a valorous effort to regain the valley; Lord Anophel, however, insisting on the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub

leading the way. The reverend gentleman seized with one hand the stem of a hazel, with the other the branch of an ash; set one foot on the root of an oak, and deliberately lowered the other in search of a resting-place; which having found on a projecting point of stone, he cautiously disengaged one hand and the upper foot, for which in turn he sought and found a firm *appui;* and thus by little and little he vanished among the boughs from the sight of Lord Anophel, who proceeded with great circumspection to follow his example.

Lord Anophel had descended about one third of the elevation, comforting his ear with the rustling of the boughs below, that announced the safe progress of his reverend precursor: when suddenly, as he was shifting his right hand, a treacherous twig in his left gave way, and he fell with fearful lapse from bush to bush, till, striking violently on a bough to which the unfortunate divine was appended, it broke beneath the shock, and down they went, crashing through the bushes together.* Lord Anophel was soon wedged into the middle of a large holly, from which he heard the intermitted sound of the boughs as they broke, and were broken by the fall of his companion: till at length they ceased, and fearful silence succeeded. He

* Dr Gryffydh, the other night, trusting to a rotten branch, had a fall of fifteen feet perpendicular, and, but for an intervening hazel, would infallibly have been hurled to the bottom. *Peacock to Hookham*, March 22, 1810.—G.

[illegible] himself from the holly as well as he [illegible] expense of a scratched face, and [illegible] himself down without further accident. [illegible] the bottom, he had the pleasure to [illegible] gentleman in safety, sitting on a [illegible] and rubbing his shin. "Come, [illegible] said Lord Anophel, "let us make [illegible] way to the nearest inn."—"And [illegible] into our wounds," pursued the [illegible] gentleman, "and over our Madeira and [illegible] a more hopeful scheme for our next campaign."



CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BAROUCHE.

THE morning after the election Sir Oran Haut-ton and his party took leave of Mr Sarcastic, Mr Forester having previously obtained from him a promise to be present at the anti-saccharine fête. The barouche left the city of Novote, decorated with ribands: Sir Oran Haut-ton was loudly cheered by the populace, and not least by those whom he had most severely beaten; the secret of which was, that a double allowance of ale had been distributed over-night, to wash away the effects of his indiscretion: it having been ascertained by political economists, that a practical appeal either to the palm or the palate, will induce the friends of *things as they are* to submit to anything.

Autumn was now touching on the confines of winter, but the day was mild and sunny. Sir Telegraph asked Mr Forester, if he did not think the mode of locomotion very agreeable?

Mr Forester.—That I never denied: all I question is, the right of any individual to indulge himself in it.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Surely a man has a right to do what he pleases with his own money.

Mr Forester.—A legal right, certainly, not a moral one. The possession of power does not justify its abuse. The quantity of money in a nation, the quantity of food, and the number of animals that consume that food, maintain a triangular harmony, of which, in all the fluctuations of time and circumstance, the proportions are always the same. You must consider, therefore, that for every horse you keep for pleasure, you pass sentence of non-existence on two human beings.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Really, Forester, you are a very singular fellow. I should not much mind what you say, if you had not such a strange habit of practising what you preach; a thing quite unprecedented, and, egad, preposterous. I cannot think where you got it: I am sure you did not learn it at college.

Mr Fax.—In a political light, every object of perception may be resolved into one of these three heads: the food consumed—the consumers—and money. In this point of view all convertible property that does not eat and drink, is money. Diamonds are money. When a man changes a bank-note for a diamond, he merely changes one sort of money for another, differing only in the facility of circulation and the stability of value. None of the produce of the earth is wasted by the permutation.

Mr Forester. The most pernicious species of

luxury, therefore, is that which applies the fruits of the earth to any other purposes than those of human subsistence. All luxury is indeed pernicious, because its infallible tendency is to enervate the few, and enslave the many: but luxury, which, in addition to this evil tendency, destroys the fruits of the earth in the wantonness of idle ostentation, and thereby prevents the existence of so many human beings, as the quantity of food so destroyed would maintain, is marked by criminality of a much deeper dye.

Mr Fax.—At the same time you must consider, that, in respect of population, the great desideratum is not number, but quality. If the whole surface of this country were divided into gardens, and in every garden were a cottage, and in every cottage a family living entirely on potatoes, the number of its human inhabitants would be much greater than at present: but where would be the spirit of commercial enterprise, the researches of science, the exalted pursuits of philosophical leisure, the communication with distant lands, and all that variety of human life and intercourse, which is now so beautiful and interesting? Above all, where would be the refuge of such a population in times of the slightest defalcation? Now, the waste of plenty is the resource of scarcity. The canal that does not overflow in the season of rain, will not be navigable in the season of drought. The rich have been often ready, in days of emergency, to lay their

superfluities aside; but when the fruits of the earth are applied in plentiful or even ordinary seasons, to the utmost possibility of human subsistence, the days of deficiency in their produce must be days of inevitable famine.

Mr Forester.—What then will you say of those, who in times of actual famine persevere in their old course, in the wanton waste of luxury?

Mr Fax.—Truly I have nothing to say for them but that they know not what they do.

Mr Forester.—If, in any form of human society, any one human being dies of hunger, while another wastes or consumes in the wantonness of vanity as much as would have preserved his existence, I hold that second man guilty of the death of the first.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Surely, Forester, you are not serious.

Mr Forester.—Indeed I am. What would you think of a family of four persons, two of whom should not be contented with consuming their own share of diurnal provision but, having adventitiously the pre-eminence of physical power, should either throw the share of the two others into the fire, or stew it down into a condiment for their own?

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—I should think it very abominable, certainly.

Mr Forester.—Yet what is human society but one great family? What is moral duty, but that precise line of conduct which tends to promote the greatest degree of general happiness? And is not this

duty most flagrantly violated, when one man appropriates to himself the subsistence of twelve; while, perhaps in his immediate neighbourhood eleven of his fellow-beings are dying with hunger? I have seen such a man walk with a demure face into church, as regularly as if the Sunday bell had been a portion of his corporeal mechanism, to hear a bloated and beneficed sensualist hold forth on the text of *Do as ye would be done by*, or *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me:* whereas, if he had wished his theory to coincide with his practice he would have chosen for his text, *Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners:* * and when the duty of words was over, the auditor and his ghostly adviser, issuing forth together, have committed poor Lazarus to the care of Providence, and proceeded to feast in the lordly mansion, like Dives that lived in purple. †

* Matthew xi. 19.

† "He that will mould a modern bishop into a primitive, must yield him to be elected by the popular voice, undiocesed, unrevenued, unlorded, and leave him nothing but brotherly equality, matchless temperance, frequent fasting, incessant prayer and preaching, continual watchings and labours in his ministry, which, what a rich booty it would be, what a plump endowment to the many-benefice-gaping mouth of a prelate, what a relish it would give to his canary-sucking and swan-eating palate, let old bishop Mountain judge for me.—They beseech us, that we would think them fit to be our justices of peace, our lords, our highest officers of state, though they come furnished with no more knowledge than

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Well, Forester, there I escape your shaft; for I have "forgotten what the inside of a church is made of," since they made me go to chapel twice a day at college. But go on, and don't spare *me.*

Mr Fax.—Let us suppose that ten thousand quarters of wheat will maintain ten thousand persons during any given portion of time: if the ten thousand quarters be reduced to five, or if the ten thousand persons be increased to twenty, the consequence will be immediate and general distress: yet if the proportions be equally distributed, as in a ship on short allowance, the general perception of necessity and justice will preserve general patience and mutual good-will; but let the first supposition remain unaltered, let there be ten thousand quarters of wheat, which shall be full allowance for ten thousand people; then, if four thousand persons take to themselves the portion of eight thousand, and leave to the remaining six thousand the portion of two (and this I fear is even an inadequate picture of the common practice of the world), these latter will be in a much worse condition on the last than on the first supposition: while the habit of selfish prodigality deadening all good feelings and extinguishing all sympathy on the one hand, and the habit of debasement and

they learnt between the cook and the manciple, or more profoundly at the college audit, or the regent house, or to come to their deepest insight, at their patron's table."—MILTON: *Of Reformation in England.*

suffering combining with the inevitable sense of oppression and injustice on the other, will produce an action and re-action of open, unblushing, cold-hearted pride, and servile, inefficient, ill-disguised resentment, which no philanthropist can contemplate without dismay.

Mr Forester.—What then will be the case if the same disproportionate division continues by regular gradations through the remaining six thousand, till the lowest thousand receive such a fractional pittance as will scarcely keep life together? If any of these perish with hunger, what are they but the victims of the first four thousand, who appropriated more to themselves than either nature required or justice allowed? This, whatever the temporizers with the world may say of it, I have no hesitation in pronouncing to be wickedness of the most atrocious kind: and this I make no doubt was the sense of the founder of the Christian religion when he said, *It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.*

Mr Fax.—You must beware of the chimæra of an agrarian law, the revolutionary doctrine of an equality of possession: which can never be possible in practice, till the whole constitution of human nature be changed.

Mr Forester.—I am no revolutionist. I am no advocate for violent and arbitrary changes in the state of society. I care not in what proportions property is divided (though I think there are

certain limits which it ought never to pass, and approve the wisdom of the American laws in restricting the fortune of a private citizen to twenty thousand a year), provided the rich can be made to know that they are but the stewards of the poor, that they are not to be the monopolizers of solitary spoil, but the distributors of general possession; that they are responsible for that distribution to every principle of general justice, to every tie of moral obligation, to every feeling of human sympathy; that they are bound to cultivate simple habits in themselves, and to encourage most such arts of industry and peace, as are most compatible with the health and liberty of others.

Mr Fax. On this principle, then, any species of luxury in the artificial adornment of persons and dwellings, which condemns the artificer to a life of pain and sickness in the alternations of the furnace and the cellar, is more baleful and more criminal than even that which consuming in idle prodigality the fruits of the earth, destroys altogether in the proportion of its waste, so much of the possibility of human existence; since it is better not to be than to be in misery.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett. That is some consolation of me, as it shows me that there are others worse than myself: for I really thought you were going between you to prove me one of the greatest rogues in England. But seriously, Forester, you think the keeping of pleasure-horses, for the reasons you have given, a selfish and criminal species of [illegible]

Mr Forester.—I am so far persuaded of it, that I keep none myself.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—But are not these four very beautiful creatures? Would you wish not to see them in existence, living as they do, a very happy and easy kind of life?

Mr Forester.—That I am disposed to question, when I compare the wild horse, in his native deserts, in the full enjoyment of health and liberty, and all the energies of his nature, with those docked, cropped, curtailed, mutilated animals, pent more than half their lives in the close confinement of a stable, never let out but to run in trammels, subject, like their tyrant man, to an infinite variety of diseases, the produce of civilization and unnatural life, and tortured every now and then by some villain of a farrier, who has no more feeling for them than a West Indian planter has for his slaves; and when you consider, too, the fate of the most cherished of the species, racers and hunters, instruments and often victims of sports equally foolish and cruel, you will acknowledge that the life of the civilized horse is not an enviable destiny.

Mr Fax.—Horses are noble and useful animals; but as they must necessarily exist in great numbers for almost every purpose of human intercourse and business, it is desirable that none should be kept for purposes of mere idleness and ostentation. A pleasure-horse is a sort of four-footed sinecurist.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Not quite so mischievous as a two-footed one.

Mr Forester.—Perhaps not: but the latter has always a large retinue of the former, and therefore the evil is doubled.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Upon my word, Forester, you will almost talk me out of my headache, and then what will become of me? What shall I do to kill time?

Mr Forester.—Read ancient books, the only source of permanent happiness left in this degenerate world.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Read ancient books! That may be very good advice to some people: but you forget that I have been at college, and *finished* my education. By-the-by I have one inside, a portable advocate for my proceedings, no less a personage than old Pindar.

Mr Forester.—Pindar has written very fine odes on driving, as Anacreon has done on drinking; but the first can no more be adduced to prove the morality of the whip, than the second to demonstrate the virtue of intemperance. Besides, as to the mental tendency and emulative associations of the pursuit itself, no comparison can be instituted between the charioteers of the Olympic games, and those of our turnpike roads; for the former were the emulators of heroes and demigods, and the latter of grooms and mail coachmen.

Sir Telegraph Paxarett.—Well, Forester, as I never in mind the various subjects against which I

have heard you declaim, I will make you a promise. When ecclesiastical dignitaries imitate the temperance and humility of the founder of that religion by which they feed and flourish: when the man in place acts on the principles which he professed while he was out: when borough electors will not sell their suffrage, nor their representatives their votes: when poets are not to be hired for the maintenance of any opinion: when learned divines can afford to have a conscience: when universities are not a hundred years in knowledge behind all the rest of the world: when young ladies speak as they think, and when those who shudder at a tale of the horrors of slavery will deprive their own palates of a sweet taste, for the purpose of contributing all in their power to its extinction:—why then, Forester, I will lay down my barouche.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WALK.

THEY were to pass, in their return, through an estate belonging to Mr Forester, for the purpose of taking up his aunt Miss Evergreen, who was to accompany them to Red-rose Abbey. On arriving at an inn on the nearest point of the great road, Mr Forester told Sir Telegraph, that, from the arrangements he had made, it was impossible for any carriage to enter his estate, as he had taken every precaution for preserving the simplicity of his tenants from the contagious exhibitions and examples of luxury. "This road," said he, "is only accessible to pedestrians and equestrians: I have no wish to exclude the visits of laudable curiosity, but there is nothing I so much dread and deprecate as the intrusion of those heartless fops, who take their fashionable autumnal tour, to gape at rocks and waterfalls, for which they have neither eyes nor ears, and to pervert the feelings and habits of the once simple dwellers of the mountains.* Nature seems to have raised her

* "Much have those travellers to answer for, whose casual intercourse with this innocent and simple people tends

mountain-barriers for the purpose of rescuing a few favoured mortals from the vortex of that torrent of

to corrupt them: disseminating among them ideas of extravagance and dissipation—giving them a taste for pleasures and gratifications of which they had no ideas—inspiring them with discontent at home—and tainting their rough industrious manners with idleness and a thirst after dishonest means.

"If travellers would frequent this country with a view to examine its grandeur and beauty, or to explore its varied and curious regions with the eye of philosophy—if, in their passage through it, they could be content with such fare as the country produces, or at least reconcile themselves to it, by manly exercise and fatigue (for there is a time when the stomach and the plainest food will be found in perfect harmony)—if they could thus, instead of corrupting the manners of an innocent people, learn to amend their own, by seeing in how narrow a compass the wants of human life may be compressed—a journey through these wild scenes might be attended, perhaps, with more improvement than a journey to Rome or Paris. Where manners are polished into vicious refinement, simplifying is the best mode of improving; and the example of innocence is a more instructive lesson than any that can be taught by artists and literati.

"But these parts are too often the resort of gay company, who are under no impressions of this kind—who have no ideas but of extending the sphere of their amusements, or of varying a life of dissipation. The grandeur of the country is not taken into the question, or at least it is not otherwise considered than as affording some new mode of pleasurable enjoyment. Thus, even the diversions of Newmarket are introduced—diversions, one would imagine, more foreign to the nature of this country than any other. A number of horses are carried into the middle of the lake in a flat boat: a plug is drawn from the bottom: the boat sinks, and the horses are left floating on the surface. In different directions

physical and moral degeneracy, which seems to threaten nothing less than the extermination of the human species: * but in vain, while the annual opening of its sluices lets out a side stream of the worst specimens of what is called refined society, to inundate the mountain valleys with the corruptions of metropolitan folly. Thus innocence, and health, and simplicity of life and manners, are banished from their last retirement, and nowhere more lamentably so than in the romantic scenery of the northern lakes, where every wonder of nature is made an article of trade, where the cataracts are locked up, and the echoes are sold: so that even the rustic character of that ill-fated region is condemned to participate in the moral stigma which must dwell indelibly on its poetical name."

The party alighted, and a consultation being held, it was resolved to walk to the village in a

they make to land, and the horse which arrives soonest secures the prize."—GILPIN'S *Picturesque Observations on Cumberland and Westmoreland*, vol. ii. p. 67.

* "The necessary consequence of men living in so unnatural a way with respect to houses, clothes, and diet, and continuing to live so for many generations, each generation adding to the vices, diseases, and weaknesses produced by the unnatural life of the preceding, is, that they must gradually decline in strength, health, and longevity, till at length the race dies out. To deny this would be to deny that the life allotted by nature to man is the best life for the preservation of his health and strength; for, if it be so, I think it is demonstration that the constant deviation from it, going on for many centuries, must end in the extinction of the race."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. v. p. 237.

body, the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney lifting her hands and eyes in profound astonishment at Mr Forester's old-fashioned notions.

They followed a narrow winding path, through rocky and sylvan hills. They walked in straggling parties of ones, twos, and threes. Mr Forester and Anthelia went first. Sir Oran Haut-ton followed alone, playing a pensive tune on his flute. Sir Telegraph Paxarett walked between his aunt and cousin, the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney and Miss Danaretta. Mr Hippy, in a melancholy vein, brought up the rear with Mr Fax. A very beautiful child which had sat on the old gentleman's knee, at the inn where they breakfasted, had thrown him, not for the first time on a similar occasion, into a fit of dismal repentance, that he had not one of his own: he stalked along accordingly, with a most ruefully lengthened aspect, uttering every now and then a deep-drawn sigh. Mr Fax in philosophic sympathy determined to console him, by pointing out to him the true nature and tendency of the principle of population, and the enormous evils resulting from the multiplication of the human species: observing that the only true criterion of the happiness of a nation was to be found in the number of its old maids and bachelors, whom he venerated as the sources and symbols of prosperity and peace. Poor Mr Hippy walked on sighing and groaning, deaf as the adder to the voice of the charmer: for, in spite of all the eloquence of

the antipopulationist, the image of the beautiful child which he had danced on his knee, continued to haunt his imagination, and threatened him with the blue devils for the rest of the day.

"I see," said Sir Telegraph to Mrs Pinmoney, "my hopes are at an end. Forester is the happy man, though I am by no means sure that he knows it himself."

"Impossible," said Mrs Pinmoney, "Anthelia may be amused a little while with his rhapsodies, but nothing more, believe me. The man is out of his mind. Do you know, I heard him say the other day, 'that not a shilling of his property was his own, that it was a portion of the general possession of human society, of which the distribution had devolved upon him: and that for the mode of that distribution he was most rigidly responsible to the principles of immutable justice,"* If such a mode of talking——"

"And acting too," said Sir Telegraph; "for I assure you he quadrates his practice as nearly as he can to his theory."

"Monstrous!" said Mrs Pinmoney, "what would our reverend friend, poor dear Doctor Bosky, say to him? But if such a way of talking and acting be the way to win a young heiress, I shall think the whole world is turned topsy-turvy."

* That I should entail £120,000 of command over labour, of power to remit this, to employ it for beneficent purposes, on one whom I know not—who might, instead of being the benefactor of mankind, be its bane!"—*Shelley to Miss Hitchener*, Dec. 15, 1811.—G.

"Your remark would be just," said Sir Telegraph, "were that young heiress any other than Anthelia Melincourt."

"Well," said Mrs Pinmoney, "there are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far——"

"That I deny," said Sir Telegraph.

"Who will gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar," proceeded Mrs Pinmoney.

"That will not do," said Sir Telegraph: "I shall resign with the best grace I can muster to a more favoured candidate, but I shall never think of another choice."

"Twelve months hence," said Mrs Pinmoney, "you will tell another tale. In the meantime you will not die of despair as long as there is a good turnpike road and a pipe of Madeira in England."

"You will find," said Mr Forester to Anthelia, "in the little valley we are about to enter, a few specimens of that simple and natural life which approaches as nearly as the present state of things will admit, to my ideas of the habits and manners of the primæval agriculturists, or the fathers of the Roman republic. You will think perhaps of Fabricius under his oak, of Curius in his cottage, of Regulus, when he solicited recall from the command of an army, because the man whom he had intrusted, in his absence, with the cultivation of his field and garden, had run away with his spade and rake, by which his wife and children were left without support; and when the

senate decreed that the implements should be replaced, and a man provided at the public expense to maintain the consul's family, by cultivating his fields in his absence. Then poverty was as honourable, as it is now disgraceful: then the same public respect was given to him who could most simplify his habits and manners, that is now paid to those who can make the most shameless parade of wanton and selfish prodigality. Those days are past for ever: but it is something in the present time to resuscitate their memory, to call up even the shadow of the reflection of republican Rome—*Rome the seat of glory and of virtue, if ever they had one on earth.**

"You excite my curiosity very highly," said Anthelia, "for, from the time when I read

> '——in those dear books that first
> Woke in my heart the love of poesy,
> How with the villagers Erminia dwelt,
> And Clorinda, for a fair shepherdess,
> Forgot her quest to learn the shepherd's lore;'

how much have I regretted never to discover in the rural inhabitants of the country, the realization of the pictures of Spenser and Tasso!"

"The palaces," said Mr Forester, "that everywhere rise around them to shame the meanness of their humble dwellings, the great roads that everywhere intersect their valleys, and bring them continually in contact with the overflowing corrup-

* "Rome, le siège de la gloire et de la vertu, si jamais elles ont existé sur la terre."—ROUSSEAU.

tion of cities, the devastating monopoly of large farms, that has almost swept the race of cottagers from the face of the earth, sending the parents to the workhouse or the army, and the children to perish like untimely blossoms in the blighting imprisonment of manufactories, have combined to diminish the numbers and deteriorate the character of the inhabitants of the country: but whatever be the increasing ravages of the Triad of Mammon, avarice, luxury, and disease, they will always be the last involved in the vortex of progressive degeneracy, realizing the beautiful fiction of ancient poetry, that, when primæval Justice departed from the earth, her last steps were among the cultivators of the fields."*

* "——extrema per illos
Justitia, excedens terris, vestigia fecit."—VIRG.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COTTAGERS.

THE valley expanded into a spacious amphitheatre, with a beautiful stream winding among pastoral meadows, which, as well as the surrounding hills, were studded with cottages, each with its own trees, its little garden, and its farm. Sir Telegraph was astonished to find so many human dwellings in a space that, on the modern tactics of rural economy, appeared only sufficient for three or four *moderate* farms; and Mr Fax looked perfectly aghast to perceive the principle of population in such a fearful state of activity. Mrs and Miss Pinmoney expressed their surprise at not seeing a single lordly mansion asserting its regal pre-eminence over the dwellings of its miserable vassals; while the voices of the children at play served only to condense the vapours that obfuscated the imagination of poor Mr Hippy. Anthelia, as their path wound among the cottages, was more and more delighted with the neatness and comfort of the dwellings, the exquisite order of the gardens, the ingenuous air of happi-

ness and liberty that characterized the simple inhabitants, and the health and beauty of the little rosy children that were sporting in the fields. Mr Forester had been recognized from a distance. The cottagers ran out in all directions to welcome him: the valley and the hills seemed starting into life, as men, women, and children poured down, as with one impulse, on the path of his approach, while some hastened to the residence of Miss Evergreen, ambitious of being the first to announce to her the arrival of her nephew. Miss Evergreen came forward to meet the party, surrounded by a rustic crowd of both sexes, and of every age, from the old man leaning on his stick, to the little child that could just run alone, but had already learned to attach something magical to the sound of the name of Forester.

The first idea they entertained at the sight of his party was that he was married, and had brought his bride to visit his little colony; and Anthelia was somewhat disconcerted by the benedictions that were poured upon her under this impression of the warm-hearted rustics.

They entered Miss Evergreen's cottage, which was small, but in a style of beautiful simplicity. Anthelia was much pleased with her countenance and manners; for Miss Evergreen was an amiable and intelligent woman, and was single, not from having wanted lovers, but from being of that order of minds which can love but once.

Mr Fax took occasion, during a temporary

absence of Miss Evergreen from the apartment in which they were taking refreshment, to say, he was happy to have seen so amiable a specimen of that injured and calumniated class of human beings commonly called old maids, who were often so from possessing in too high a degree the qualities most conducive to domestic happiness; for it might naturally be imagined that the least refined and delicate minds would be the soonest satisfied in the choice of a partner, and the most ready to repair the loss of a first love by the substitution of a second. This might have led to a discussion, but Miss Evergreen's re-entrance prevented it. They now strolled out among the cottages in detached parties and in different directions. Mr Fax attached himself to Mr Hippy and Miss Evergreen. Anthelia and Mr Forester went their own way. She was above the little affectation of feeling her *dignity* offended, as our female novel-writers express it, by the notions which the peasants had formed respecting her. "You see," said Mr Forester, "I have endeavoured as much as possible to recall the images of better times, when the country was well peopled, from the farms being small, and cultivated chiefly by cottagers who lived in what was in Scotland called a *cottar town.** Now you may go over vast tracts of country without seeing anything like an *old English Cottage*, to say nothing of the fearful difference which has been caused in the interior of

* *Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.

the few that remain by the pressure of exorbitant taxation, of which the real, though not the nominal burden, always falls most heavily on the labouring classes, backed by that *canker at the heart of national prosperity*, the imaginary riches of paper-credit, of which the means are delusion, the progress monopoly, and the ultimate effect the extinction of the best portion of national population, a healthy and industrious peasantry. Large farms bring more rent to the landlord, and therefore, landlords in general make no scruple to increase their rents by depopulating their estates,* though Anthelia Melincourt will not comprehend the mental principle in which such feelings originate."

"Is it possible," said Anthelia, "that you, so young as you are, can have created such a scene as this?"

"My father," said Mr Forester, "began what I merely perpetuate. He estimated his riches, not by the amount of rent his estate produced, but the number of simple and happy beings it maintained. He divided it into little farms of such a size as were sufficient, even in indifferent seasons, to produce rather more than the necessities of their cultivators required. So that all these cottagers are rich, according to the definition of Socrates;† for they have at all times a little more than they actually need, a subsidium for age or sickness, or any accidental necessity."

* *Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.

† See *Xenophon's Memorabilia.*

They entered several of the cottages, and found in them all the same traces of comfort and content, and the same images of the better days of England: the clean-tiled floor, the polished beechen table, the tea-cups on the chimney, the dresser with its glittering dishes, the old woman with her spinning-wheel by the fire, and the old man with his little grandson in the garden, giving him his first lessons in the use of the spade, the good wife busy in her domestic arrangements, and the pot boiling on the fire for the return of her husband from his labour in the field.

"Is it not astonishing," said Mr Forester, "that there should be any who think, as I know many do, the number of cottagers on their land a grievance, and desire to be quit of them,* and have no feeling of remorse in allotting to one solitary family as much extent of cultivated land as was ploughed by the whole Roman people in the days of Cincinnatus?† The three great points of every political system are the health, the morals, and the number of the people. Without health and morals, the people cannot be happy: but without numbers they cannot be a great and powerful nation, nor even exist for any considerable time.‡ And by numbers I do not

* *Aristot. Metaphysics*, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.

† Si tantum culti solus possederis agri,
Quantum sub Tatio populus Romanus arabat.—JUV.

‡ *Aristot. Metaphysics*, vol. v. book iv. chap. 8.

mean the inhabitants of the cities, the sordid and sickly victims of commerce, and the effeminate and enervated slaves of luxury; but in estimating the power and the riches of a country, I take my only criterion from its agricultural population."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ANTI-SACCHARINE FÊTE.

MISS EVERGREEN accompanied them in their return, to preside at the Anti-saccharine fête. Mr Hippy was turned out to make room for her in the barouche, and took his seat on the roof with Messieurs Forester and Fax. Anthelia no longer deemed it necessary to keep a guard over her heart: the bud of mutual affection between herself and Mr Forester, both being, as they were, perfectly free and perfectly ingenuous, was rapidly expanding into the full bloom of happiness: they dreamed not that evil was near to check, if not to wither it.

The whole party was prevailed on by Miss Evergreen to be her guests at Redrose Abbey till after the Anti-saccharine fête, which very shortly took place, and was attended by the principal members of the Anti-saccharine Society, and by an illustrious assemblage from near and from far: amongst the rest by our old acquaintance, Mr Derrydown, Mr O'Scarum, Major O'Dogskin, Mr Sarcastic, the Reverend Mr Portpipe, and Mr Feathernest the

poet, who brought with him his friend Mr Vamp the reviewer. Lord Anophel Achthar and the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub deemed it not expedient to join the party, but ensconced themselves in Alga Castle, studying *michin malicho*, which means mischief.

The Anti-saccharine fête commenced with a splendid dinner, as Mr Forester thought to make luxury on this occasion subservient to morality, by showing what culinary art could effect without the intervention of West Indian produce; and the preparers of the feast, under the superintendence of Miss Evergreen, had succeeded so well, that the company testified very general satisfaction, except that a worthy Alderman and Baronet from London (who had been studying the picturesque at Low-wood Inn, and had given several manifestations of exquisite taste that had completely won the hearts of Mr O'Scarum and Major O'Dogskin) having just helped himself to a slice of venison, fell back aghast against the back of his chair, and dropped the knife and fork from his nerveless hands, on finding that currant-jelly was prohibited: but being recovered by an application of the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney's vinaigrette, he proceeded to revenge himself on a very fine pheasant, which he washed down with floods of Madeira, being never at a loss for some one to take wine with him, as he had the good fortune to sit opposite to the Reverend Mr Portpipe, who was *toujours prêt* on the occasion, and a *coup-d'œil* between

them arranged the whole preliminary of the compotatory ceremonial.

After dinner Mr Forester addressed the company. They had seen, he said, that culinary luxury could be carried to a great degree of refinement without the intervention of West Indian produce: and though he himself deprecated luxury altogether, yet he would waive that point for the present, and concede a certain degree of it to those who fancied they could not do without it, if they would only in return make so very slight a concession to philanthropy, to justice, to liberty, to every feeling of human sympathy, as to abstain from an indulgence which was obtained by the most atrocious violation of them all, an indulgence of which the foundations were tyranny, robbery, and murder, and every form of evil, anguish, and oppression, at which humanity shudders; all which were comprehended in the single name of SLAVERY. "Sugar," said he, "is economically superfluous, nay, worse than superfluous: in the middling classes of life it is a formidable addition to the expenses of a large family, and for no benefit, for no addition to the stock of domestic comfort, which is often sacrificed in more essential points to this frivolous and wanton indulgence. It is physically pernicious, as its destruction of the teeth, and its effects on the health of children much pampered with sweetmeats, sufficiently demonstrate. It is morally atrocious, from being the primary cause of the most complicated corporeal suffering and the most

abject mental degradation that ever outraged the form and polluted the spirit of man. It is politically abominable, for covering with every variety of wretchedness some of the fairest portions of the earth, which, if the inhabitants of free countries could be persuaded *to abstain from sugar, till it were sent to them by freemen*, might soon become the abodes of happiness and liberty. Slaves cannot breathe in the air of England: 'They touch our country and their fetters fall.' Who is there among you that is not proud of this distinction?—Yet this is not enough: the produce of the labour of slavery should be banished from our shores. Not anything, not an atom of anything, should enter an Englishman's dwelling, on which the Genius of Liberty had not set his seal. What would become of slavery if there were no consumers of its produce? Yet I have seen a party of pretended philanthropists sitting round a tea-table, and while they dropped the sugar into their cups, repeat some tale of the sufferings of a slave, and execrate the colonial planters, who are but their caterers and stewards—the obsequious ministers of their unfeeling sensuality! O my fair countrywomen! you who have such tender hearts, such affectionate spirits, such amiable and delicate feelings, do you consider the mass of mischief and cruelty to which you contribute, nay, of which you are among the primary causes, when you indulge yourselves in so paltry, so contemptible a gratification as results from the use of sugar? while to abstain from it

entirely, is a privation so trivial, that it is most wonderful to think that Justice and Charity should have such a boon to beg from Beauty in the name of the blood and the tears of human beings. Be not deterred by the idea that you will have few companions by the better way: so much the rather should it be strictly followed by amiable and benevolent minds.* Secure to yourselves at least the delightful consciousness of reflecting that you are in no way whatever accomplices in the cruelty and crime of slavery, and accomplices in it you certainly are, nay, its very original springs, as long as you are receivers and consumers of its iniquitous acquisitions."

"I will answer you, Mr Forester," said Mr Sarcastic, "for myself and the rest of the company. You shock our feelings excessively by calling us the primary causes of slavery; and there are very few among us who have not shuddered at the tales of West Indian cruelty. I assure you we are very liberal of theoretical sympathy; but as to practical abstinence from the use of sugar, do you consider what it is you require? Do you consider how very agreeable to us is the sensation of sweetness in our palates? Do you suppose we would give up that sensation because human creatures of the same flesh and blood as ourselves are oppressed and enslaved, and flogged and tortured, to procure it for

* "Pochi compagni avrai per l'altra via:
Tanto ti prego più, gentile spirto,
Non lasciar la magnanima tua impresa."—PETRARCA.

us? Do you consider that Custom* is the great lord and master of our conduct? And do you suppose

* "If it were seriously asked (and it would be no untimely question), who of all teachers and masters that have ever taught hath drawn the most disciples after him, both in religion and in manners, it might be not untruly answered, Custom. Though Virtue be commended for the most persuasive in her theory, and Conscience in the plain demonstration of the spirit finds most evincing; yet, whether it be the secret of divine will, or the original blindness we are born in, so it happens for the most part, that Custom still is silently received for the best instructor. Except it be because her method is so glib and easy, in some manner like to that vision of Ezekiel, rolling up her sudden book of implicit knowledge, for him that will to take and swallow down at pleasure; which proving but of bad nourishment in the concoction, as it was heedless in the devouring, puffs up unhealthily a certain big face of pretended learning, mistaken among credulous men for the wholesome habit of soundness and good constitution, but is, indeed, no other than that swoln visage of counterfeit knowledge and literature which not only in private mars our education, but also in public is the common climber into every chair where either religion is preached or law reported, filling each estate of life and profession with abject and servile principles, depressing the high and heaven-born spirit of man, far beneath the condition wherein either God created him, or sin hath sunk him. To pursue the allegory, Custom being but a mere face, as Echo is a mere voice, rests not in her unaccomplishment, until by secret inclination she accorporate herself with Error, who being a blind and serpentine body, without a head, willingly accepts what he wants, and supplies what her incompleteness went seeking: hence it is that Error supports Custom, Custom countenances Error, and these two, between them, would persecute and chase away all truth and solid wisdom out of human life, were it not that God, rather than

that any feeling of pity, and sympathy, and charity, and benevolence, and justice, will overcome the power of Custom, more especially where any pleasure of sense is attached to his dominion? In appealing to our pockets, indeed, you touched us to the quick: you aimed your eloquence at our weak side—you hit us in the vulnerable point; but if it should appear that in this particular we really might save our money, yet being expended in a matter of personal and sensual gratification, it is not to be supposed so completely lost and wasted as it would be if it were given either to a friend or a stranger in distress. I will admit, however, that you have touched our feelings a little, but this disagreeable impression will soon wear off: with some of us it will last as long as pity for a starving

man, once in many ages calls together the prudent and religious counsels of men deputed to repress the encroachments, and to work off the inveterate blots and obscurities wrought upon our minds by the subtle insinuating of Error and Custom, who, with the numerous and vulgar train of their followers, make it their chief design to envy and cry down the industry of free reasoning, under the terms of humour and innovation, as if the womb of teeming Truth were to be closed up, if she presume to bring forth aught that sorts not with their unchewed notions and suppositions; against which notorious injury and abuse of man's free soul, to testify and oppose the utmost that study and true labour can attain, heretofore the incitement of men reputed grave hath led me among others, and now the duty and the right of an instructed Christian calls me through the chance of good or evil report TO BE THE SOLE ADVOCATE OF A DISCOUNTENANCED TRUTH."—MILTON: *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

beggar, and with others as long as grief for the death of a friend; and I find, on a very accurate average calculation, that the duration of the former may be considered to be at least three minutes, and that of the latter at most ten days."

"Mr Sarcastic," said Anthelia, "you do not render justice to the feelings of the company; nor is human nature so selfish and perverted as you seem to consider it. Though there are undoubtedly many who sacrifice the general happiness of human kind to their own selfish gratification, yet even these, I am willing to believe, err not in cruelty but in ignorance, from not seeing the consequences of their own actions; but it is not by persuading them that all the world is as bad as themselves, that you will give them clearer views and better feelings. Many are the modes of evil —many the scenes of human suffering; but if the general condition of man is ever to be ameliorated, it can only be through the medium of BELIEF IN HUMAN VIRTUE."

"Well, Forester," said Sir Telegraph, "if you wish to increase the numbers of the Anti-saccharine Society, set me down for one."

"Remember," said Mr Forester, "by enrolling your name among us you pledge yourself to perpetual abstinence from West Indian produce."

"I am aware of it," said Sir Telegraph, "and you shall find me zealous in the cause."

The fat Alderman cried out about the ruin of commerce, and Mr Vamp was very hot on the

subject of the revenue. The question was warmly canvassed, and many of the party who had not been quite persuaded by what Mr Forester had said in behalf of the Anti-saccharine system, were perfectly convinced in its favour when they had heard what Mr Vamp and the fat Alderman had to say against it; and the consequence was, that, in spite of Mr Sarcastic's opinion of the general selfishness of mankind, the numbers of the Anti-saccharine Society were very considerably augmented.

"You see," said Mr Fax to Mr Sarcastic, "the efficacy of associated sympathies. It is but to give an impulse of co-operation to any good and generous feeling, and its progressive accumulation, like that of an Alpine avalanche, though but a snow-ball at the summit, becomes a mountain in the valley."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHESS DANCE.

THE dinner was followed by a ball, for the opening of which Sir Telegraph Paxarett, who officiated as master of the ceremonies, had devised a fanciful scheme, and had procured for the purpose a number of appropriate masquerade dresses. An extensive area in the middle of the ball-room was chalked out into sixty-four squares of alternate white and red, in lines of eight squares each. Sir Telegraph, while the rest of the company was sipping, not without many wry faces, their anti-saccharine tea, called out into another apartment the gentlemen whom he had fixed on to perform in his little ballet; and Miss Evergreen at the same time withdrew with the intended female performers. Sir Telegraph now invested Mr Hippy with the dignity of White King, Major O'Dogskin with that of Black King, and the Reverend Mr Portpipe with that of White Bishop, which the latter hailed as a favourable omen, not precisely comprehending what was going forward. As the reverend gentleman was the only one of his

cloth in the company, Sir Telegraph was under the necessity of appointing three lay Bishops, whom he fixed on in the persons of two country squires, Mr Hermitage and Mr Heeltap, and of the fat Alderman already mentioned, Sir Gregory Greenmould. Sir Telegraph himself, Mr O'Scarum, Mr Derrydown, and Mr Sarcastic, were the Knights: and the Rooks were Mr Feathernest the poet; Mr Paperstamp, another variety of the same genus, chiefly remarkable for an affected infantine lisp in his speech, and for always wearing waistcoats of a duffel gray; Mr Vamp the reviewer; and Mr Killthedead, from Frogmarsh Hall, a great compounder of narcotics, under the denomination of BATTLES, for he never heard of a deadly field, especially if dotage and superstition, to which he was very partial, gained the advantage over generosity and talent, both of which he abhorred, but immediately seizing his goosequill and foolscap,

> He fought the BATTLE o'er again,
> And twice he slew the slain.

Mr Feathernest was a little nettled on being told that he was to be the *King's Rook*, but smoothed his wrinkled brow on being assured that no *mauvaise plaisanterie* was intended.

The Kings were accordingly crowned, and attired in regal robes. The Reverend Mr Portpipe and his three brother Bishops were arrayed in full canonicals. The Knights were equipped in their white and black armour, with sword, and dazzling

helm, and nodding crest. The Rooks were enveloped in a sort of mural robe, with a headpiece formed on the model of that which occurs in the ancient figures of Cybele; and thus attired, they bore a very striking resemblance to the walking wall in Pyramus and Thisbe.

The Kings now led the way to the ball-room, and the two beautiful Queens, Miss Danaretta Contantina Pinmoney, and Miss Celandina Paperstamp, each with eight beautiful nymphs, arrayed for the mimic field in light Amazonian dresses, white and black, did such instant execution among the hearts of the young gentlemen present, that they might be said to have "fought and conquered ere a sword was drawn."

They now proceeded to their stations on their respective squares; but before we describe their manœuvres, we will recapitulate the

TRIPUDII PERSONÆ.

WHITE.

King . .	Mr Hippy.
Queen .	Miss Danaretta Contantina Pinmoney.
King's Bishop	The Reverend Mr Portpipe.
Queen's Bishop	Sir Gregory Greenmould.
King's Knight	Mr O'Scarum.
Queen's Knight	Sir Telegraph Paxarett.
King's Rook	Mr Featherнest.
Queen's Rook	Mr Paperstamp.
Eight Nymphs.	

BLACK.

King . .	MAJOR O'DOGSKIN.
Queen .	MISS CELANDINA PAPERSTAMP.
King's Bishop	SQUIRE HERMITAGE.
Queen's Bishop	SQUIRE HEELTAP.
King's Knight	MR SARCASTIC.
Queen's Knight	MR DERRYDOWN.
King's Rook	MR KILLTHEDEAD.
Queen's Rook	MR VAMP.
Eight Nymphs.	

Mr Hippy took his station on a black square, near the centre of one of the extreme lines, and Major O'Dogskin on an opposite white square of the parallel extreme. The Queens, who were to command in chief, stood on the left of the Kings: the Bishops were posted to the right and left of their respective sovereigns; the Knights next to the Bishops; the corners were occupied by the Rooks. The two lines in front of these principal personages were occupied by the Nymphs;—a space of four lines of eight squares each being left between the opposite parties for the field of action.

The array was now complete, with the exception of the Reverend Mr Portpipe, who being called by Miss Danaretta to take his place at the right hand of Mr Hippy, and perceiving that he should be necessitated, in his character of Bishop, to take a very active part in the diversion, began to exclaim with great vehemence, NOLO EPISCOPARI! which is probably the only occasion on which these words were ever used with sincerity. But Mr O'Scarum, in his capacity of White Knight, pounced on the

reluctant divine, and placing him between himself and Mr Hippy, stood by him with his sword drawn, as if to prevent his escape; then clapping a sword into the hand of the reverend gentleman, exhorted him to conduct himself in a manner becoming an efficient member of the true church militant.

Lots were then cast for the privilege of attack; and the chance falling on Miss Danaretta, the music struck up the tune of *The Triumph*, and the whole of the white party began dancing, with their faces towards the King, performing at the same time various manœuvres of the sword exercise, with appropriate pantomimic gestures, expressive of their entire devotion to His Majesty's service, and their desire to be immediately sent forward on active duty. In vain did the Reverend Mr Portpipe remonstrate with Mr O'Scarum that his dancing days were over: the inexorable Knight compelled him to caper and flourish his sword, "till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain." Sir Gregory Greenmould did his best on the occasion, and danced like an elephant in black drapery; but Miss Danaretta and her eight lovely Nymphs rescued the exertions of the male performers from too critical observation. King Hippy received the proffered service of his army with truly royal condescension. Miss Danaretta waved her sword with inimitable grace, and made a sign to the damsel in front of the King to advance two squares. The same manœuvres now took place on the black side; and Miss Celandina

sent forward the Nymph in front of Major O'Dogskin to obstruct the further progress of the white damsel. The dancing now recommenced on the white side, and Miss Danaretta ordered out the Reverend Mr Portpipe to occupy the fourth square in front of Squire Heeltap. The reverend gentleman rolled forward with great alacrity, in the secret hope that he should very soon be taken prisoner, and put *hors de combat* for the rest of the evening. Squire Hermitage was detached by Miss Celandina on a similar service; and these two episcopal heroes being thus brought together in the centre of the field, entered, like Glaucus and Diomede, into a friendly parle, in the course of which the words Claret and Burgundy were repeatedly overheard. The music frequently varied as in a pantomime, according to circumstances: the manœuvres were always directed by the waving of the sword of the Queen, and were always preceded by the dancing of the whole party, in the manner we have mentioned, which continued *ad libitum*, till she had decided on her movement. The Nymph in front of Sir Gregory Greenmould advanced one square. Mr Sarcastic stepped forward to the third square of Squire Hermitage. Miss Danaretta's Nymph advanced two squares, and being immediately taken prisoner by the Nymph of Major O'Dogskin, conceded her place with a graceful bow, and retired from the field. The Nymph in front of Sir Gregory Greenmould avenged the fate of her companion; and Mr Hippy's Nymph with-

drew in a similar manner. Squire Hermitage was compelled to cut short his conversation with Mr Portpipe, and retire to the third square in front of Mr Derrydown. Sir Telegraph skipped into the place which Sir Gregory Greenmould's Nymph had last forsaken. Mr Killthedead danced into the deserted quarters of Squire Hermitage, and Major O'Dogskin swept round him with a minuet step into those of Mr Sarcastic. To carry on the detail would require more time than we can spare, and, perhaps, more patience than our readers possess. The Reverend Mr Portpipe saw his party fall around him, one by one, and survived against his will to the close of the contest. Miss Danaretta and Miss Celandina moved like light over the squares, and Fortune alternately smiled and frowned on their respective banners, till the heavy mural artillery of Mr Vamp being brought to bear on Mr Paperstamp, who fancied himself a tower of strength, the latter was overthrown and carried off the field. Mr Feathernest avenged his fate on the embattled front of Mr Killthedead, and fell himself beneath the sword of Mr Sarcastic. Squire Heeltap was taken off by the Reverend Mr Portpipe, who begged his courteous prisoner to walk to the sideboard and bring him a glass of Madeira; for Homer, he said, was very orthodox in his opinion that wine was a great refresher in the toils of war.*

The changeful scene concluded by Miss Danaretta, with the aid of Sir Telegraph and the Rev-

* Ι. Ζ. 261.

erend Mr Portpipe, hemming Major O'Dogskin into a corner, where he was reduced to an incapacity of locomotion: on which the Major bowed and made the best of his way to the sideboard, followed by the reverend gentleman, who, after joining the Major in a pacific libation, threw himself into an arm-chair, and slept very comfortably till the annunciation of supper.

Waltzes, quadrilles, and country dances followed n succession, and, with the exception of the interval of supper, in which Miss Evergreen developed all the treasures of anti-saccharine taste, were kept up with great spirit till the rising of the sun.

Anthelia, who of course did not join in the former, expressed to Mr Forester her astonishment to see waltzing in Redrose Abbey. "I did not dream of such a thing," said Mr Forester; "but I left the whole arrangement of the ball to Sir Telegraph, and I suppose, he deemed it incumbent on him to consult *the general taste of the young ladies.* Even I, young as I am, can remember the time when there was no point of resemblance between an English girl in a private ball-room, and a French *figurante* in a theatrical *ballet:* but waltzing and Parisian drapery have levelled the distinction, and the only criterion of the difference is the place of the exhibition. Thus every succeeding year witnesses some new inroad on the simple manners of our ancestors; some importation of continental vice and folly; some

unnatural fretwork of tinsel and frippery on the old Doric column of the domestic virtues of England. An Englishman in stays, and an Englishwoman waltzing in treble-flounced short petticoats, are anomalies so monstrous, that till they actually existed, they never entered the most ominous visions of the speculators on progressive degeneracy. What would our Alfred, what would our third Edward, what would our Milton, and Hampden, and Sidney, what would the barons of Runny mead have thought, if the voice of prophecy had denounced to them a period, when the perfection of accomplishment in the daughters of England would be found in the dress, manner, and action of the dancing girls of Paris?"

The supper, of course, did not pass off without songs; and among them Anthelia sang the following, which recalled to Mr Forester their conversation on the sea-shore.

THE MORNING OF LOVE.

O! the spring-time of life is the season of blooming,
And the morning of love is the season of joy;
Ere noontide and summer, with radiance consuming,
Look down on their beauty, to parch and destroy.

O! faint are the blossoms life's pathway adorning,
When the first magic glory of hope is withdrawn;
For the flowers of the spring, and the light of the morning,
Have no summer budding, and no second dawn.

Through meadows all sunshine, and verdure, and flowers,
The stream of the valley in purity flies;

But mix'd with the tides, where some proud city lowers,
O, where is the sweetness that dwelt on its rise?

The rose withers fast on the breast it first graces;
Its beauty is fled ere the day be half done:—
And life is that stream which its progress defaces
And love is that flower which can bloom but for one.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DISAPPEARANCE.

THE morning after the fête Anthelia and her party returned to Melincourt. Before they departed she conversed a few minutes alone with Mr Forester in his library. What was said on this occasion we cannot precisely report; but it seemed to be generally suspected that Mr Hippy's authority would soon be at an end, and that the services of the Reverend Mr Portpipe would be required in the old chapel of Melincourt Castle, which, we are sorry to say, had fallen for some years past very much into disuse, being never opened but on occasions of birth, marriage, and death in the family; and these occasions, as our readers are aware, had not of late been very numerous.

The course of mutual love between Anthelia and Mr Forester was as smooth as the gliding of a skiff down a stream, through the flowery meadows of June: and if matters were not quite definitely settled between them, yet, as Mr Forester was shortly to be a visitor at the Castle, there was a

very apparent probability that their intercourse would terminate in that grand climax and finale of all romantic adventure—marriage.

After the departure of the ladies, Mr Forester observed with concern, that his friend Sir Oran's natural melancholy was visibly increased, and Mr Fax was of opinion that he was smitten with the tender passion: but whether for Miss Melincourt, Mrs Pinmoney, or Miss Danaretta, it was not so easy to determine. But Sir Oran grew more and more fond of solitude, and passed the greater part of the day in the woods, though it was now the reign of the gloomy November, which, however, accorded with the moody temper of his spirit; and he often went without his breakfast, though he always came home to dinner. His perpetual companion was his flute, with which he made sad response to the wintry wind.

Mr Forester and Mr Fax were one morning consulting on the means to be adopted for diverting Sir Oran's melancholy, when Sir Telegraph Paxarett drove up furiously to the door—sprang from the box—and rushed into the apartment with the intelligence that Anthelia had disappeared. No one had seen her since the hour of breakfast on the preceding day. Mr Hippy, Mr Derrydown, Mr O'Scarum, and Major O'Dogskin were scouring the country in all directions in search of her.

Mr Forester determined not to rest night or day till he had discovered Anthelia. Sir Telegraph drove him, with Mr Fax and Sir Oran, to the

nearest inn, where leaving Sir Telegraph to pursue another track, they took a chaise-and-four, and posted over the country in all directions, day after day without finding any clue to her retreat. Mr Forester had no doubt that this adventure was connected with that which we have detailed in the eighteenth chapter; but his ignorance of the actors on that occasion prevented his deriving any light from the coincidence. At length, having investigated in vain all the main and cross roads for fifty miles round Melincourt, Mr Fax was of opinion that she could not have passed so far along any of them, being conveyed, as no doubt she was, against her will, without leaving some trace of her course, which their indefatigable inquiries must have discovered. He therefore advised that they should discontinue their system of posting, and take a thorough pedestrian perlustration of all the most bye and unfrequented paths of the whole mountain-district, in some secluded part of which he had a strong presentiment she would be found. This plan was adopted; but the season was unfavourable to its expeditious accomplishment; and they could sometimes make but little progress in a day, being often compelled to turn aside from the wilder tracks, in search of a town or village, for the purposes of refreshment or rest: — there being this remarkable difference between the lovers of the days of chivalry, and those of modern times, that the former could pass a week or two in a desert or a forest, without meat,

drink, or shelter—a very useful art for all travellers, whether lovers or not, which these degenerate days have unfortunately lost.

They arrived in the evening of the first day of their pedestrianism at a little inn among the mountains. They were informed they could have no beds; and that the only parlour was occupied by two gentlemen, who meant to sit up all night, and would, perhaps, have no objection to their joining the party. A message being sent in, an affirmative answer was very politely returned: and on entering the apartment, they discovered Mr O'Scarum and Major O'Dogskin engaged in a deep discussion over a large jug of wine.

"Troth, now," said Mr O'Scarum, "and this is a merry meeting, sure enough, though it's on a dismal occasion, for it's Miss Melincourt you're looking for, as we are too, though you have most cause, Mr Forester; for I understand you are to be the happy man. Troth, and I did not know so much when I came to your fête, or, perhaps, I should have been for arguing the point of a prior claim (as far as my own consent was concerned) over a bit of neat turf, twelve yards long; but Major O'Dogskin tells me, that by getting muzzy, and so I did, sure enough, on your old Madeira, and rare stuff it is, by my conscience, when Miss Melincourt was in your house, I have sanctioned the matter, and there's an end of it: but, by my soul, I did not mean to have been cut out quietly: and the Major says, that you're too good a fellow to be kilt, and that's

true enough: so I'll keep my ammunition for other friends; and here's to you and Miss Melincourt, and a happy meeting to you both, and the devil take him that parts you, says Harum O'Scarum."—"And so says Dermot O'Dogskin," said the Major. "And my friend O'Scarum and myself will ride about till we get news of her, for we don't mind a little hardship.—You shall be wanting some dinner, joys, and there's nothing but fat bacon and potatoes; but we have made a shift with it, and then here is the very creature itself, old sherry, my jewels! troth, and how did we come home by it, think you? I know what it is to pass a night in a little inn in the hills, and you don't find Major O'Dogskin turning out of the main road, without giving his man a couple of kegs of wine just to balance the back of his saddle. Sherry's a good traveller, and will stand a little shaking; and what would one do without it in such a place as this, where it is water in the desert, and manna in the wilderness?"

Mr Forester thanked them very warmly for their good wishes and active exertions. The humble dinner of himself and his party was soon despatched; after which, the Major placed the two little kegs on the table and said, "They were both filled to-day; so, you see, there is no lack of the good creature to keep us all alive till morning, and then we shall part again in search of Miss Melincourt, the jewel! for there is not such another on the face of the earth. Och!" continued the Major, as he poured the wine from one of the kegs

into a brown jug: for the house could not afford them a decanter, and some little ale tumblers supplied the place of wine-glasses. "Och! the cold jug that never held any thing better than sour ale: how proud he must feel of being filled to the brim with sparkling sherry, for the first and last time in the course of his life!"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PAPER-MILL.

TAKING leave of Mr O'Scarum and Mr O'Dogskin, they continued their wandering as choice or chance directed: sometimes penetrating into the most sequestered valleys; sometimes returning into the principal roads, and investigating the most populous districts. Passing through the town of Gullgudgeon, they found an immense crowd assembled in a state of extreme confusion, exhibiting every symptom of hurry, anxiety, astonishment, and dismay. They stopped to inquire the cause of the tumult, and found it to proceed from the sudden explosion of a paper-mill, in other words, the stoppage of the country bank of Messieurs Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company. Farmers, bumpkins, artisans, mechanics, tradesmen of all descriptions, the innkeeper, the lawyer, the doctor, and the parson; soldiers from the adjoining barracks, and fishermen from the neighbouring coast, with their shrill-voiced and masculine wives, rolled in one mass, like a stormy wave, around a little shop, of which the shutters were closed, with the word BANK in

golden letters over the door, and a large board on the central shutter, notifying that "Messieurs Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company had found themselves under the disagreeable necessity of suspending their payments;" in plain English, had found it expedient to fly by night, leaving all the machinery of their mill, and all the treasures of their mine, that is to say, several reams of paper, half a dozen account-books, a desk, a joint-stool, and ink-stand, a bunch of quills, and a copper-plate, to satisfy the claims of the distracted multitude, who were shoaling in from all quarters with *promises to pay*, of the said Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company, to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds.

Mr Fax addressed himself for an explanation of particulars to a plump and portly divine, who was standing at a little distance from the rest of the crowd, and whose countenance exhibited no symptoms of the rage, grief, and despair which were depicted on the physiognomies of his dearly-beloved brethren of the town of Gullgudgeon.

"You seem, sir," said Mr Fax, "to bear the general calamity with Christian resignation."

"I do, sir," said the reverend gentleman, "and for a very orthodox reason—I have none of their notes—not I. I was obliged to take them now and then against my will, but I always sent them off to town, and got cash for them directly."

"You mean to say," said Mr Forester, "you got a Threadneedle Street note for them."

"To be sure, sir," said the divine, "and that is the same thing as cash. There is a Jacobin rascal in this town, who says it is a bad sign when the children die before the parent, and that a day of reckoning must come sooner or later for the old lady as well as for her daughters; but myself and my brother magistrates have taken measures for him, and shall soon make the town of Gullgudgeon too hot to hold him, as sure as my name is Pepper-toast."

"You seriously think, sir," said Mr Fax, "that his opinion is false?"

"Sir," said the reverend gentleman, somewhat nettled, "I do not know what right any one can have to ask a man of my cloth what he seriously thinks, when all that the world has to do with is what he seriously says."

"Then you seriously say it, sir?" said Mr Fax.

"I do, sir," said the divine; "and for this very orthodox reason, that the system of paper-money is inseparably interwoven with the present order of things, and the present order of things I have made up my mind to stick by, precisely as long as it lasts."

"*And no longer?*" said Mr Fax.

"I am no fool, sir," said the divine.

"But, sir," said Mr Fax, "as you seem to have perceived the instability of what is called (like *lucus à non lucendo*), the *firm* of Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company, why did not you warn your flock of the impending danger?"

"Sir," said the reverend gentleman, "I dined every week with one of the partners."

Mr Forester took notice of an elderly woman who was sitting with a small handful of dirty paper, weeping bitterly on the step of a door. "Forgive my intrusion," said he; "I need not ask you why you weep: the cause is in your hand."—"Ah, sir!" said the poor woman, who could hardly speak for sobbing, "all the savings of twenty years taken from me in a moment: and my poor boy, when he comes home from sea——" She could say no more: grief choked her utterance.

"Good God!" said Mr Fax, "did you lay by your savings in country paper?"

"O sir!" said the poor woman, "how was I to know that one piece of paper was not as good as another? And everybody said that the firm of Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company was as good as the Bank of England." She then unfolded one of the *promises to pay*, and fell to weeping more bitterly than ever. Mr Forester comforted her as well as he could; but he found the purchasing of one or two of her notes much more efficacious than all the lessons of his philosophy.

"This is all your fault," said a fisherman to his wife: "you would be hoarding and hoarding, and stinting me of my drop of comfort when I came in after a hard day's work, tossed and beaten, and wet through with salt-water, and there's what we've got by it."

"It was all your fault," retorted the wife; "when we had scraped together twenty as pretty golden guineas as ever laid in a chest, you would sell 'em, so you would, for twenty-seven pounds of Mr Smokeshadow's paper; *and now you see the difference.*"

"Here is an illustration," said Mr Fax to Mr Forester, "of the old maxim of *experience teaching wisdom*, or, as Homer expresses it, 'ρεχθεν δε τε νηπιος εγνω."

"*We ought now to be convinced, if not before,*" said Mr Forester, "*that what Plato has said is strictly true, that there will be no end of human misery till governors become philosophers, or philosophers governors;* and that all the evils which this country suffers, and, I fear, will suffer to a much greater extent, from the bursting of this fatal bubble of paper-money—this chimerical symbol of imaginary riches—*are owing to the want of philosophy and true political wisdom in our rulers, by which they might have seen things in their causes, not felt them only in their effects, as every the most vulgar man does: and by which foresight, all the mischiefs that are befalling us might have been prevented.*" *

"Very hard," said an old soldier, "very, very hard:—a poor five pounds, laid up for a rainy day,—hardly got, and closely kept—very, very hard."

"Poor man!" said Mr Forester, who was in-

* The words in italics are Lord Monboddo's: *Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. preface, p. 79.

terested in the soldier's physiognomy, "let me repair your loss. Here is better paper for you; but get gold and silver for it as soon as you can."

"God bless your honour," said the soldier, "and send as much power as good-will to all such generous souls. Many is the worthy heart that this day's work will break, and here is more damage than one man can mend. God bless your honour."

A respectable-looking female approached the crowd, and addressing herself to Mr Fax, who seemed most at leisure to her, asked him what chance there seemed to be for the creditors of Messieurs Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company. "By what I can gather from the people around me," said Mr Fax, "none whatever." The lady was in great distress at this intelligence, and said they were her bankers, and it was the second misfortune of the kind that had happened to her. Mr Fax expressed his astonishment that she should have been twice the victim of the system of paper-coinage, which seemed to contradict the old adage about a burnt child; and said it was for his part astonishing to him how any human being could be so deluded after the perils of the system had been so clearly pointed out, and amongst other things, in a pamphlet of his own on the Insubstantiality of Smoke. "Indeed," she said, "she had something better to do than to trouble herself about politics, and wondered he should insult her in her distress by talking of such stuff to her."

"Was ever such infatuation?" said Mr Fax, as

the lady turned away. "This is one of those persons who choose to walk blindfold on the edge of a precipice, because it is too much trouble to see, and quarrel with their best friends for requesting them to make use of their eyes. There are many such, who think they have no business with politics: but they find to their cost that politics will have business with them."

"A curse light on all kite-flyers!" vociferated a sturdy farmer. "Od rabbit me, here be a bundle o' trash, measters! not worth a voive-and-zixpenny dollar all together. This comes o' peaper-mills. 'I promise to pay,' ecod! O the good old days o' goulden guineas, when I used to ride whoame vrom market wi' a great heavy bag in my pocket; and when I whopped it down on the old oak teable, it used to make zuch a zound as did one's heart good to hear it. No *promise to pay* then. Now a man may eat his whole vortin in a zandwich, or zet vire to it in a vardin rushlight. Promise to pay!—the lying rascals, they never meant to pay: they knew all the while they had no effects to pay: but zuch a pretty, zmooth-spoken, palavering zet o' fellers! why, Lord bless you! they'd ha' made you believe black was white! and though you could never get anything of 'em but one o' their own dirty bits o' peaper in change vor another, they made it out as clear as daylight that they were as rich as zo many Jews. Ecod! and we were all vools enough to believe 'em, and now mark the end o't."

"Yes, father," said a young fop at his elbow, "all blown, curse me!"

"Ees," said the farmer, "and thee beest blown, and thee mun zell thy hunter, and turn to the plough-tail: and thy zisters mun churn butter, and milk the cows, instead of jingling penny-vorties, and dancing at race-balls wi' squires. We mun be old English varmers again, and none o' your voine high-flying promise-to-pay gentlevolks. There they be—spell 'em: *I promise to pay to Mr Gregory Gas, or bearer, on demand, the zum o' voive pounds. Gullgudgeon Bank, April the virst. Vor Jonkeshadow, Airbubble, Zelf, and Company, Henry Hopthetwig. Entered, William Walkoff.* And there be their coat o' arms: two blacksmiths blowing a vorge, wi' the chimney vor a crest, and a wreath o' smoke coming out o't; and the motto, 'YOU CAN'T CATCH A BOWL-FULL.' Od rabbit me! here be a whole handvul of 'em, and I'll zell 'em all vor a voive-and-zixpenny dollar."

The "Jacobin rascal," of whom the reverend gentleman had spoken, happened to be at the farmer's elbow. "I told you how it would be," said he, "Master Sheepshead, many years ago; and I remember you wanted to put me in the stocks for my trouble."

"Why, I believe I did, Measter Lookout," said the farmer, with a very penitent face; "but if you'll call on me zome day we'll drown old grudges in a jug o' ale, and light our poipes wi' the promises o' Measter Hopthetwig and his gang."

"Not with all of them I entreat you," said Mr Lookout. "I hope you will have one of them framed and glazed, and suspended over your chimney, as a warning to your children, and your children's children for ever, against '*the blessed comforts of paper money.*'"

"Why, Lord love you, Measter Lookout," said the farmer, "we shall ha' nothing but peaper-money still, you zee, only vrom another mill like."

"As to that, Master Sheepshead," replied Mr Lookout, "I will only say to you in your own phrase, MARK THE END O'T."

"Do you hear him?" said the Reverend Mr Peppertoast; "do you hear the Jacobin rascal? Do you hear the libellous, seditious, factious, levelling, revolutionary, republican, democratical, atheistical villain?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

CIMMERIAN LODGE.

AFTER a walk of some miles from the town of Gullgudgeon, where no information was to be obtained of Anthelia, their path wound along the shores of a lonely lake, embosomed in dark pine-groves and precipitous rocks. As they passed near a small creek, they observed a gentleman just stepping into a boat, who paused and looked up at the sound of their approximation; and Mr Fax immediately recognized the poeticopolitical, rhapsodicoprosaical, deisidæmoniacoparadoxographical, pseudolatreiological, transcendental meteorosophist, Moley Mystic, Esquire, of Cimmerian Lodge. This gentleman's Christian name, according to his own account, was improperly spelt with an *e*, and was in truth nothing more nor less than

> That Moly,
> Which Hermes erst to wise Ulysses gave;

and which was, in the mind of Homer, a *pure anticipated cognition* of the system of Kantian metaphysics, or grand transcendental science of

the *luminous obscure;* for it had a *dark root,** which was mystery; and *a white flower*, which was abstract truth: *it was called Moly by the gods*, who then kept it to themselves; and was *difficult to be dug up by mortal men*, having, in fact, lain *perdu* in subterranean darkness till the immortal Kant dug for it *under the stone of doubt*, and produced it to the astonished world as the *root of human science.* Other persons, however, derived his first name differently; and maintained that the *e* in it showed it very clearly to be a corruption of *Mole-eye*, it being the opinion of some naturalists that the *mole* has *eyes*, which it can withdraw or project at pleasure, implying a faculty of wilful blindness, most happily characteristic of a transcendental metaphysician; since, according to the old proverb, *None are so blind as those who won't see.* But be that as it may, Moley Mystic was his name, and Cimmerian Lodge was his dwelling.

Mr Mystic invited Mr Fax and his friends to step with him into the boat, and cross over his lake, which he called the *Ocean of Deceitful Form*, to the *Island of Pure Intelligence*, on which Cimmerian Lodge was situated: promising to give them a great treat in looking over his grounds, which he had laid out according to the *topography of the human mind;* and to enlighten

* Ῥίζῃ μεν μελαν εστι, γαλακτι δε ἐικελον ἀνθος,
ΜΩΛΥ δε μιν καλεουσι θεοι, χαλεπον δε τ' ὀρυσσειν
Θνητοις ἀνθρωποισι.

them, through the medium of "darkness visible," with an opticothaumaturgical process of transcendentalising a *cylindrical mirror*, which should teach them the difference between *objective* and *subjective reality* * Mr Forester was unwilling to remit his search, even for a few hours: but Mr Fax observing that great part of the day was gone, and that Cimmerian Lodge was very remote from the human world; so that if they did not avail themselves of Mr Mystic's hospitality, they should probably be reduced to the necessity of passing the night among the rocks, *sub Jove frigido*, which he did not think very inviting, Mr Forester complied; and with Mr Fax and Sir Oran Hautton, stepped into the boat. The reader who is deficient in *taste for the bombast*, and is no *admirer of the obscure*, may as well wait on the shore till they return. But we must not enter the regions of mystery without an Orphic invocation.

ΤΗΙΝΕ αναξ, καλεω, σε μολειν κεχαρηοτα ΜΤΣΤΑΙΣ·
Και σε, μακαρ, λιτομαι, ταυυσιπτερε, ουλε ΟΝΕΙΡΕ·
Και ΝΕΦΕΛΑΣ καλεω, δροσοειμονας, ηεροπλαγκτους·
ΝΥΚΤΑ τε πρεσβιστην, πολυηρατον ΟΡΓΙΟΦΑΝΤΑΙΣ,

* The reader who is desirous of elucidating the mysteries of the words and phrases marked in italics in this chapter may consult the German works of Professor Kant, or Professor Born's Latin translation of them, or M. Villar's *Philosophie de Kant, ou Principes fondamentaux de la Philosophie Transcendentale;* or the first article of the second number of the Edinburgh Review, or the article *Kant*, in the Encyclopædia Londinensis, or Sir William Drummond's *Academical Questions*, Book II. chap. ix.

ΝΥΚΤΕΡΙΟΤΣ τε ΘΕΟΤΣ, ὑπο κευθεσιν οικί εχοντας,
Αντρῳ εν ηεροεντι, παρα ΣΤΤΓΟΣ ἱερον ὑδωρ·
ΠΡΩΤΕΪ συν πολυβουλῳ, ὀν ΟΛΒΟΔΟΤΗΝ* καλεουσιν.

O sovereign Sleep! in whose papaverous glen
Dwell the dark Muses of Cimmerian men!
O Power of Dreams! whose dusky pinions shed
Primæval chaos on the slumberer's head!
Ye misty Clouds! amid whose folds sublime
Blind Faith invokes the Ghost of Feudal Time!
And thou, thick night! beneath whose mantle rove
The Phantom Powers of Subterranean Jove!
Arise, propitious to the mystic strain,
From Lethe's flood, and Zeal's Tartarian fane;
Where Freedom's Shade, 'mid Stygian vapours damp,
Sits, cold and pale, by Truth's extinguished lamp;
While Cowls and Crowns portentous orgies hold,
And tuneful Proteus seals his eyes with gold!

They had scarcely left the shore when they were involved in a fog of unprecedented density, so that they could not see one another; but they heard the dash of Mr Mystic's oars, and were consoled by his assurances that he could not miss his way in a state of the atmosphere so consentaneous to his peculiar mode of vision; for that, though, in navigating his little skiff on the *Ocean of Deceitful Form*, he had very often wandered wide and far from the *Island of Pure Intelligence*, yet this had always happened when he went with his eyes open, in broad daylight; but that he had soon found the means of obviating this little incon-

* Πρωτευς Ολβοδοτης, *Proteus the giver of riches*, certainly deserves a place among the *Lares* of every poetical and political turncoat.

venience, by always keeping his eyes close shut whenever the sun had the impertinence to shine upon him.

He immediately added, that he would take the opportunity of making a remark perfectly in point: "that Experience was a Cyclops, with his eye in the back of his head;" and when Mr Fax remarked, that he did not see the connection, Mr Mystic said he was very glad to hear it; for he should be sorry if any one but himself could see the connection of his ideas, as he arranged his thoughts *on a new principle.*

They went steadily on through the dense and heavy air, over waters that slumbered like the Stygian pool; a chorus of frogs, that seemed as much delighted with their own melody, as if they had been an oligarchy of poetical critics, regaling them all the way with the Aristophanic symphony of BREK-EK-EK-EX! KO-AX! KO-AX!* till the boat fixed its keel in the *Island of Pure Intelligence;* and Mr Mystic landed his party, as Charon did Æneas and the Sibyl, in a bed of weeds and mud:† after floundering in which for some time, from losing their guide in the fog, they were cheered by the sound of his voice from above, and scrambling up the bank, found themselves on a hard and barren rock; and, still following the sound of Mr Mystic's voice, arrived at Cimmerian Lodge.

The fog had penetrated into all the apartments:

* See the Βατραχοι of Aristophanes.

† Informi limo glaucâque exponit in ulvâ.

there was fog in the hall, fog in the parlour, fog on the staircases, fog in the bedrooms;

> The fog was here, the fog was there,
> The fog was all around.

It was a little rarefied in the kitchen, by virtue of the enormous fire; so far, at least, that the red face of the cook shone through it, as they passed the kitchen-door, like the disk of the rising moon through the vapours of an autumnal river: but to make amends for this, it was condensed almost into solidity in the library, where the voice of their invisible guide bade them welcome to the *adytum* of the LUMINOUS OBSCURE.

Mr Mystic now produced what he called his *synthetical torch*, and requested them to follow him, and look over his grounds. Mr Fax said it was perfectly useless to attempt it in such a state of the atmosphere; but Mr Mystic protested that it was the only state of the atmosphere in which they could be seen to advantage: as daylight and sunshine utterly destroyed their beauty.

They followed the "darkness visible" of the *synthetical torch*, which, according to Mr Mystic, *shed around it the rays of transcendental illumination;* and he continued to march before them, walking, and talking, and pointing out innumerable images of singularly nubilous beauty, though Mr Forester and Fax both declared they could see nothing but the fog and "*la pale lueur du magique flambeau:*" till Mr Mystic observing that they

were now in a *Spontaneity free from Time or Space*, and at the point of *Absolute Limitation*, Mr Fax said he was very glad to hear it; for in that case they could go no farther. Mr Mystic observed that they must go farther; for they were entangled in a maze, from which they would never be able to extricate themselves without his assistance; and he must take the liberty to tell them, that *the categories of modality were annexed into the idea of absolute necessity*. As this was spoken in a high tone, they took it to be meant for a reprimand; which carried the more weight as it was the less understood. At length, after floundering on another half-hour, the fog still thicker and thicker, and the torch still dimmer and dimmer, they found themselves once more in Cimmerian Lodge.

Mr Mystic asked them how they liked his grounds, and they both repeated they had seen nothing of them: on which he flew into a rage and called them *empirical psychologists*, and *slaves of [illegible], induction, and analysis*, which he intended for terms of abuse, but which were not taken for such by the persons to whom he addressed them.

Recovering his temper, he observed that it was nearly the hour of dinner; and as they did not think it worth while to be angry with him, they contented themselves with requesting that they might dine in the kitchen, which seemed to be the only spot on the *Island of Pure Intelligence* in which there was a glimmer of light.

Mr Mystic remarked that he thought this very bad taste, but that he should have no objection if the cook would consent; who, he observed, had paramount dominion over that important division of the *Island of Pure Intelligence.* The cook, with a little murmuring, consented for once to evacuate her citadel as soon as the dinner was on table; entering, however, a protest, that this infringement on her privileges should not be pleaded as a precedent.

Mr Fax was afraid that Mr Mystic would treat them as Lord Peter treated his brothers: that he would put nothing on the table, and regale them with a dissertation on the *pure idea of absolute substance;* but in this he was agreeably disappointed; for the *anticipated cognition* of a good dinner very soon smoked before them, in the *relation of determinate co-existence;* and the *objective phænomenon* of some super-excellent Madeira quickly put the whole party in perfect good-humour. It appeared, indeed, to have a diffusive quality of occult and mysterious virtue; for, with every glass they drank, the fog grew thin, till by the time they had taken off four bottles among them, it had totally disappeared.

My Mystic now prevailed on them to follow him to the library, where they found a blazing fire and a four-branched gas lamp, shedding a much brighter radiance than that of the *synthetical torch.* He said he had been obliged to light this lamp, as it seemed they could not see by the usual illumina-

tion of Cimmerian Lodge. The brilliancy of the gas lights he much disapproved; but he thought it would be very unbecoming in a transcendental philosopher to employ any other material for a purpose to which *smoke* was applicable. Mr Fax said, he should have thought, on the contrary, that *ex fumo dare lucem* would have been, of all things, the most repugnant to his principles; and Mr Mystic replied, that it had not struck him so before, but that Mr Fax's view of the subject "was exquisitely dusky and fuliginous:" this being his usual mode of expressing approbation, instead of the common phraseology of *bright thoughts* and *luminous ideas*, which were equally abhorrent to him both in theory and practice. However, he said, there the light was, for their benefit, and not for his: and as other men's light was his darkness, he should put on a pair of spectacles of smoked glass, which no one could see through but himself. Having put on his spectacles, he undrew a black curtain, discovered a *cylindrical mirror*, and placed a sphere before it with great solemnity. "This sphere," said he, "is an oblong spheroid in the perception of the cylindrical mirror: as long as the mirror thought that the object of his perception was the real external oblong spheroid, he was a mere *empirical philosopher;* but he has grown wiser since he has been in my library; and by reflecting very deeply on the degree in which the manner of his construction might influence the forms of his perception, has taken a very opaque and tenebricose

view of how much of the spheroidical perception belongs to the *object*, which is the sphere, and how much to the *subject*, which is himself, in his quality of *cylindrical mirror*. He has thus discovered the difference between *objective* and *subjective reality*: and this point of view is *transcendentalism*."

"A very dusky and fuliginous speculation, indeed," said Mr Fax, complimenting Mr Mystic in his own phrase.

Tea and coffee were brought in. "I divide my day," said Mr Mystic, "*on a new principle*: I am always poetical at breakfast, moral at luncheon, metaphysical at dinner, and political at tea. Now you shall know my opinion of the hopes of the world. — General discontent shall be the basis of public resignation! * The materials of political gloom will build the steadfast frame of hope. † The main point is to get rid of analytical reason, which is experimental and practical, and live only by faith,‡ which is synthetical and oracular. The contradictory interests of ten millions may neutralize each other.§ But the spirit of Antichrist is abroad: ‖ — the people read! — nay, they think!! The people read and think!!! The public, the public in general, the swinish multitude, the many-headed monster, actually reads and thinks!!!!¶ Horrible in

* *Coleridge's Lay Sermon*, p. 10. † *Ibid.*
‡ *Ibid.* p. 21. § *Ibid.* p. 25. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 27.
¶ *Ibid.* pp. 45, 46 (where the reader may find in a note the two worst jokes that ever were cracked).

thought, but in fact most horrible! Science classifies flowers. Can it make them bloom where it has placed them in its classification!* No. Therefore flowers ought not to be classified. This is transcendental logic. Ha! in that cylindrical mirror I see three shadowy forms:—dimly I see them through the smoked glass of my spectacles. Who art thou?—MYSTERY!—I hail thee? Who art thou? — JARGON—I love thee! Who art thou? — SUPERSTITION!—I worship thee! Hail, transcendental TRIAD!"

Mr Fax cut short the thread of his eloquence by saying he would trouble him for the cream-jug.

Mr Mystic began again, and talked for three hours without intermission, except that he paused a moment on the entrance of sandwiches and Madeira. His visitors sipped his wine in silence till he had fairly talked himself hoarse. Neither Mr Fax nor Mr Forester replied to his paradoxes; for to what end, they thought, should they attempt to answer, what few would hear, and none would understand?

It was now time to retire, and Mr Mystic showed his guests to the doors of their respective apartments, in each of which a gas-light was burning, and ascended another flight of stairs to his own dormitory, with a little twinkling taper in his hand. Mr Forester and Mr Fax stayed a few minutes on the landing-place, to have a word of consultation before they parted for the night. Mr

* *Coleridge's Lay Sermon*, p. xvii.

Mystic gained the door of his apartment—turned the handle of the lock—and had just advanced one step—when the whole interior of the chamber became suddenly sheeted with fire: a tremendous explosion followed; and he was precipitated to the foot of the stairs in *the smallest conceivable fraction of the infinite divisibility of time.*

Mr Forester picked him up, and found him not much hurt; only a little singed, and very much frightened. But the whole interior of the apartment continued to blaze. Mr Forester and Sir Oran Haut-ton ran for water: Mr Fax rung the nearest bell: Mr Mystic vociferated "Fire!" with singular energy: the servants ran about half-undressed: pails, buckets, and pitchers, were in active requisition; till Sir Oran Haut-ton ascending the stairs with the great rain-water tub, containing one hundred and eight gallons of water,* threw the whole contents on the flames with one sweep of his powerful arm.

The fire being extinguished, it remained to ascertain its cause. It appeared that the gas-tube in Mr Mystic's chamber had been left unstopped, and the gas evolving without combustion (the apartment being perfectly air-tight), had condensed into a mass, which, on the approach of Mr Mystic's taper, instantly ignited, blowing the transcendentalist downstairs, and setting fire to his curtains and furniture.

* "Some travellers speak of his strength as wonderful; greater they say, than that of ten men such as we."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 105.

Mr Mystic, as soon as he recovered from his panic, began to bewail the catastrophe: not so much, he said, for itself, as because such an event in Cimmerian Lodge was an infallible omen of evil—a type and symbol of an approaching period of public light—when the smoke of metaphysical mystery, and the vapours of ancient superstition, which he had done all that in him lay to consolidate in the spirit of man, would explode at the touch of analytical reason, leaving nothing but the plain common sense matter-of-fact of moral and political truth—a day that he earnestly hoped he might never live to see.

"Certainly," said Mr Forester, "it is a very bad omen for all who make it their study to darken the human understanding, when one of the pillars of their party is *blown up by his own smoke;* but the symbol, as you call it, may operate as a warning to the apostles of superstitious chimæra and political fraud, that it is very possible *for smoke to be too thick;* and that, in condensing in the human mind the vapours of ignorance and delusion, they are only compressing a body of inflammable gas, of which the explosion will be fatal in precise proportion to its density."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DESERTED MANSION.

THEY rose, as usual, before daylight, that they might pursue their perlustration; and, on descending, found Mr Mystic awaiting them at a table covered with a sumptuous apparatus of tea and coffee, a pyramid of hot rolls, and a variety of cold provision. Cimmerian Lodge, he said, was famous for its breed of tame geese, and he could recommend the cold one on the table as one of his own training. The breakfast being dispatched, he rowed them over the *Ocean of Deceitful Form* before the sun rose to disturb his navigation.

After walking some miles, a ruined mansion at the end of an ancient avenue of elms attracted their attention. As they made a point of leaving no place unexamined, they walked up to it. There was an air of melancholy grandeur in its loneliness and desolation which interested them to know its history. The briers that choked the court, the weeds that grew from the fissures of the walls and on the ledges of the windows, the

fractured glass, the half-fallen door, the silent and motionless clock, the steps worn by the tread of other years, the total silence of the scene of ancient hospitality, broken only by the voices of the rooks whose nests were in the elms, all carried back the mind to the years that were gone. There was a sun-dial in the centre of the court: the sun shone on the brazen plate, and the shadow of the index fell on the line of noon. "Nothing impresses me more," said Mr Forester, "in a ruin of this kind, than the contrast between the sun-dial and the clock, which I have frequently observed. This contrast I once made the basis of a little poem, which the similarity of circumstances induces me to repeat to you though you are no votary of the spirit of rhyme."

THE SUN-DIAL.

The ivy o'er the mouldering wall
Spreads like a tree, the growth of years:
The wild wind through the doorless hall
A melancholy music rears,
A solitary voice, that sighs,
O'er man's forgotten pageantries.
Above the central gate, the clock,
Through clustering ivy dimly seen,
Seems, like the ghost of Time, to mock
The wrecks of power that once has been.
The hands are rusted on its face;
Even where they ceased, in years gone by,
To keep the flying moments pace:
Fixing, in Fancy's thoughtful eye,
A point of ages passed away,

A speck of time, that owns no tie
With aught that lives and breathes to-day.
But 'mid the rank and towering grass,
Where breezes wave, in mournful sport,
The weeds that choke the ruined court,
The careless hours, that circling pass,
Still trace upon the dialled brass
The shade of their unvarying way:
And evermore, with every ray,
That breaks the clouds and gilds the air,
Time's stealthy steps are imaged there:
Even as the long-revolving years
In self-reflecting circles flow,
From the first bud the hedge-row bears,
To wintry nature's robe of snow.
The changeful forms of mortal things
Decay and pass; and art and power
Oppose in vain the doom that flings
Oblivion on their closing hour;
While still, to every woodland vale,
New blooms, new fruits, the seasons bring,
For other eyes and lips to hail
With looks and sounds of welcoming:
As where some stream light-eddying roves
By sunny meads and shadowy groves,
Wave following wave departs for ever,
But still flows on the eternal river.

An old man approached them, in whom they observed that look of healthy and cheerful antiquity which showed that time only, and neither pain nor sickness, had traced wrinkles on his cheek. Mr Forester made inquiries of him on the object he had most at heart: but the old man could give no gleam of light to guide his steps. Mr Fax then asked some questions concerning the mansion before them.

"Ah, zur!" said the old man, "this be the zeat o' Squire Openhand: but he doant live here now; the house be growed too large vor'n, as one may zay. I remember un playing about here on the grass-plot, when he was half as high as the sun-dial poast, as if it was but yesterday. The days that I ha' zeed here! Rare doings there used to be wi' the house vull o' gentlevolks zometimes to be zure: but what he loiked best was, to zee a merry-making of all his tenants, round the great oak that stands there in the large vield by himzelf. He used to zay if there was anything he could not abide it was the zight of a zorrowful feace; and he was always prying about to voind one: and if he did voind one, Lord bless you! it was not a zorrowful feace long, if it was anything that he could mend. Zo he lived to the length of his line, as the zaying is; and when times grew worse, it was a hard matter to draw in; howsomdever he did; and when the tax-gatherers came every year vor more and more, and the peaper-money flew about, buying up everything in the neighbourhood; and every vifty pounds he got in peaper wasn't worth, as he toald me, vorty pounds o' real money, why there was every year fewer horses in his steable, and less wine on his board: and every now and then came a queer zort o' chap dropped out o' the sky like—a vundholder he called un—and bought a bit of ground vor a handvul o' peaper, and built a cottage horny, as they call it—there be one there on the hill zide—and had nothing to do wi' the country people, nor the country people wi' he:

nothing in the world to do, as we could zee, but to eat and drink, and make little bits o' shrubberies, o' quashies, and brutuses, and zelies, and cubies, and filligrees, and ruddydunderums, instead o' the oak plantations, the old landlords used to plant; and the Squire could never abide the zight o' one o' they gimcrack boxes; and all the while he was nailing up a window or two every year, and his horses were going one way, and his dogs another, and his old zervants were zent away, one by one, wi' heavy hearts, poor souls, and at last it came that he could not get half his rents, and zome o' his tenants went to the workhouse, and others ran away, because o' the poor-rates, and everything went to zixes and zevens, and I used to meet the Squire in his walks, and think to myzelf it was very hard that he who could not bear to zee a zorrowful feace, should have zuch a zorrowful one of his own; and he used to zay to me whenever I met un: 'All this comes o' peaper money Measter Hawthorn.' Zo the upshot was, he could not afford any longer to live in his own great house, where his vore-vathers had lived out o' memory of man, and went to zome outlandish place wi' his vamily to live, as he said, in much zuch a box as that gimcrack thing on the hill."

"You have told us a very melancholy story," said Mr Forester; "but at present, I fear, a very common one, and one of which, if the present system continue, every succeeding year will multiply examples."

"Ah, zur!" said the old man, "there was them as vorezeed it long ago, and voretold it too, up in the great house in Lunnon, where they zettles the affairs o' the nation: a pretty of zettling it be, to my thinking, to vill the country wi' tax-gatherers and vunholders, and peaper-money men, that turns all the old families out o' the country, and zends their tenants to the workhouse: but there was them as vorezeed and voretold it too, but nobody minded 'em then: they begins to mind 'em now."

"But how do you manage in these times?" said Mr Forester.

"I lives, measter," said the old man, "and pretty well too, vor myself. I had a little vreehold varm o' my own, that has been in my vamily zeven hundred year, and we woan't part wi' it, I promise you, vor all the tax-collectors and vundholders in England. But my zon was never none o' your gentleman varmers, none a' your reacing and hunting bucks, that it's a shame vor a honest varmer to be: he always zet his shoulder to the wheel—alway a-vield by peep o' day: zo now I be old, I've given up the varm to him; and that I wouldn't ha' done to the best man in all the county bezide: but he's my son, and I loves un. Zo I walks about the vields all day, and sits all the evening in the chimney-corner wi' an old neighbour or zo, and a jug o' ale, and talks over old times, when the Openhands, and zuch as they, could afford to live in the homes o' their vorevathers. It be a bad state o' things, my measters, and must come

to a bad end, zooner or later; but it'll last my time."

"You are not in the last stage of a consumption, are you, honest friend?" said Mr Fax.

"Lord love you, no, measter," said the old farmer, rather frightened; "do I look zo?"

"No," said Mr Fax; "but you talked so."

"Ah! thee beest a wag, I zee," said the farmer. "Things be in a conzumption zure enough, but they'll last my time vor all that; and if they doan't it's no fault o' mine; and I'se no money in the vunds, nor no sinecure pleace, zo I eats my beef-steak and drinks my ale, and lets the world slide."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PHANTASM.

THE course of their perambulations brought them into the vicinity of Melincourt, and they stopped at the Castle to inquire if any intelligence had been obtained of Anthelia. The gate was opened to them by old Peter Gray, who informed them that himself and the female domestics were at that time the only inmates of the Castle, as the other male domestics had gone off at the same time with Mr Hippy in search of their young mistress; and the Honourable Mrs Pinmoney and Miss Danaretta were gone to London, because of the opera being open.

Mr Forester inquired of the manner of Anthelia's disappearance. Old Peter informed him that she had gone into her library as usual after breakfast, and when the hour of dinner arrived she was missing. The central window was open, as well as the little postern-door of the shrubbery, that led into the dingle, the whole vicinity of which they had examined, and had found the recent print of horses' feet on a narrow green road that skirted

the other side of the glen; these traces they had followed till they had totally lost them, in a place where the road became hard and rocky, and divided into several branches: the pursuers had then separated into parties of two and three, and each party had followed a different branch of the road, but they had found no clue to guide them, and had hitherto been unsuccessful. He should not himself, he said, have remained inactive, but Mr Hippy had insisted on his staying to take care of the Castle. He then observed, that, as it was growing late, he should humbly advise their continuing where they were till morning. To this they assented, and he led the way to the library.

Everything in the library remained precisely in the place in which Anthelia left it. Her chair was near the table, and the materials of drawing were before it. The gloom of the winter evening, which was now closing in, was deepened through the stained glass of the windows. The moment the door was thrown open, Mr Forester started, and threw himself forward into the apartment towards Anthelia's chair; but before he reached it, he stopped, placed his hand before his eyes, and turning round, leaned for support on the arm of Mr Fax. He recovered himself in a few minutes, and sate down by the table. Peter Gray, after kindling the fire, and lighting the Argand lamp, that hung from the centre of the apartment, went to give directions on the subject of dinner.

Mr Forester observed, from the appearance of

the drawing materials, that they had been hastily left, and he saw that the last subject on which Anthelia had been employed was a sketch of Redrose Abbey. He sate with his head leaning on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the drawing in perfect silence. Mr Fax thought it best not to disturb his meditations, and took up a volume that was lying open on the table, the last that Anthelia had been reading. It was a posthumous work of the virtuous and unfortunate Condorcet, in which that most amiable and sublime enthusiast, contemplating human nature in the light of his own exalted spirit, had delineated a beautiful vision of the future destinies of mankind.*

Sir Oran Haut-ton kept his eyes fixed on the door with looks of anxious impatience, and showed manifest and increasing disappointment at every re-entrance of Old Peter, who at length summoned them to dinner.

Mr Fax was not surprised that Mr Forester had no appetite, but that Sir Oran had lost his, appeared to him extremely curious. The latter grew more and more uneasy, rose from table, took a candle in his hand, and wandered from room to room, searching every closet and corner in the Castle, to the infinite amazement of old Peter Gray, who followed him everywhere, and became convinced that the poor gentleman was crazed for love of his young mistress, who, he made no doubt, was the object of

* *Esquisse d'un Tableau historique des Progrès de l'Esprit humain.*

his search; and the conviction was strengthened by the perfect inattention of Sir Oran to all his assurances that his dear young lady was not in any of those places which he searched so scrupulously. Sir Oran at length having left no corner of the habitable part of the Castle unexamined, returned to the dining-room, and throwing himself into a chair began to shed tears in great abundance.

Mr Fax made his two disconsolate friends drink several glasses of Madeira, by way of raising their spirits, and then asked Mr Forester what it was that had so affected him on their first entering the library.

Mr Forester.—It was the form of Anthelia, in the place where I first saw her, in that chair by the table. The vision was momentary, but, while it lasted, had all the distinctness of reality.

Mr Fax.—This is no uncommon effect of the association of ideas when external objects present themselves to us after an interval of absence, in their remembered arrangement, with only one form wanting, and that the dearest among them, to perfect the resemblance between the present sensation and the recollected idea. A vivid imagination, more especially when the nerves are weakened by anxiety and fatigue, will, under such circumstances, complete the imperfect scene, by replacing for a moment the one deficient form among those accustomed objects which had long formed its accompaniments in the contemplation of memory. This single mental principle will

explain the greater number of *credible* tales of apparitions, and at the same time give a very satisfactory reason why a particular spirit is usually found haunting a particular place.

Mr Forester.—Thus Petrarch's beautiful pictures of the Spirit of Laura on the banks of the Sorga, are assuredly something more than the mere fancies of the closet, and must have originated in that system of mental connection, which, under peculiar circumstances, gives ideas the force of sensations. Anxiety and fatigue are certainly great promoters of the state of mind most favourable to such impressions.

Mr Fax.—It was under the influence of such excitements that Brutus saw the spirit of Cæsar; and in similar states of feeling, the phantoms of poetry are usually supposed to be visible: the ghost of Banquo, for example, and that of Patroclus. But this only holds true of the poets who paint from nature; for their artificial imitators, when they wish to call a spirit from the vasty deep, are not always so attentive to the mental circumstances of the persons to whom they present it. In the early periods of society, when apparitions form a portion of the general creed; when the life of man is wandering, precarious, and turbulent; when the uncultured wildness of the heath and the forest harmonizes with the chimæras of superstition; and when there is not, as in later times, a rooted principle of reason and knowledge, to weaken such perceptions in their origin, and

destroy the seeming reality of their subsequent recollection, impressions of this nature will be more frequent, and will be as much invested with the character of external existence, as the scenes to which they are attached by the connecting power of the mind. They will always be found with their own appropriate character of time, and place, and circumstance. The ghost of the warrior will be seen on the eve of battle by him who keeps his lonely watch near the blaze of the nightly fire, and the spirit of the huntress maid will appear to her lover when he pauses on the sunny heath, or rests in the moonlit cave.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CHURCHYARD.

THE next morning Mr Forester determined on following the mountain-road on the other side of the dingle, of which Peter Gray had spoken: but wishing first to make some inquiries of the Reverend Mr Portpipe, they walked to his vicarage, which was in a village at some distance. Just as they reached it, the reverend gentleman emerged in haste, and seeing Mr Forester and his friends, said he was very sorry that he could not attend to them just then, as he had a great press of business to dispose of; namely, a christening, a marriage, and a funeral; but he would knock them off as fast as he could, after which he should be perfectly at their service, hoped they would wait in the vicarage till his return, and observed he had good ale and a few bottles of London Particular. He then left them to dispatch his affairs in the church.

They preferred waiting in the churchyard. "A christening, a marriage, and a funeral!" said Mr Forester. "With what indifference he runs

through the whole drama of human life, raises the curtain on its commencement, superintends the most important and eventful action of its progress, and drops the curtain on its close!"

Mr Fax.—Custom has rendered them all alike indifferent to him. In every human pursuit and profession the routine of ordinary business renders the mind indifferent to all the forms and objects of which that routine is composed. The sexton "sings at grave-making;" the undertaker walks with a solemn face before the coffin, because a solemn face is part of his trade; but his heart is as light as if there were no funeral at his heels: he is quietly conning over the items of his bill, or thinking of the party in which he is to pass his evening; and the reverend gentleman who concludes the process, and consigns to its last receptacle the shell of extinguished intelligence, has his thoughts on the wing of the sports of the field or the jovial board of the Squire.

Mr Forester.—Your observation is just. It is this hardening power of custom that gives steadiness to the hand of the surgeon, firmness to the voice of the criminal judge, coolness to the soldier "in the imminent deadly breach," self-possession to the sailor in the rage of the equinoctial storm. It is under this influence that the lawyer deals out writs and executions as carelessly as he deals out cards at his evening whist; that the gaoler turns the key with the same stern indifference on unfortunate innocence as on hardened villany: that

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be[illegible] reason [illegible] be [illegible]
to[illegible] [illegible] the excellence
[illegible] not suppose the
ch[illegible] its predecessors
Fo[illegible] you, and see what
[illegible] social virtues have

left the examples of their shining light to guide the steps of their posterity.

Mr Forester.—I observe the usual profusion of dutiful sons, affectionate husbands, faithful friends, kind neighbours, and honest men. These are the luxuriant harvest of every churchyard. But it is not strange that even the fertility of fiction should be so circumscribed in the variety of monumental panegyric? Yet a few words comprehend the summary of all the moral duties of ordinary life. Their degrees and diversities are like the shades of colour, that shun for the most part the power of language: at all events, the nice distinctions and combinations that give individuality to historical character, scarcely come within the limits of sepulchral inscription, which merely serves to testify the regret of the survivors for one whose society was dear, and whose faults are forgotten. For there is a feeling in the human mind, that, in looking back on former scenes of intercourse with those who are passed for ever beyond the limits of injury and resentment, gradually destroys all the bitterness and heightens all the pleasures of the remembrance; as, when we revert in fancy to the days of our childhood, we scarcely find a vestige of their tears, pains, and disappointments, and perceive only their fields, their flowers, and their sunshine, and the smiles of our little associates.

Mr Fax.—The history of common life seems as circumscribed as its moral attributes: for the most extensive information I can collect ——

these gravestones is, that the parties married, lived in trouble, and died of a conflict between a disease and a physician. I observe a last request, which I suppose was very speedily complied with —that of a tender husband to his loving wife not to weep for him long. If it be as you say, that the faults of the dead are soon forgotten, yet the memory of their virtues is not much longer lived; and I have often thought that these words of Rabelais would furnish an appropriate inscription for ninety-nine grave-stones out of every hundred: —*Sa mémoire expira avecque le son des cloches qui carillonèrent à son enterrement.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE RUSTIC WEDDING.

THE bride and bridegroom, with half a dozen of their friends, now entered the churchyard. The bride, a strong, healthy-looking country girl, was clinging to the arm of her lover, not with the light and scarcely perceptible touch with which Miss Simper complies with the request of Mr Giggle, "that she will do him the honour to take his arm," but with a cordial and unsophisticated pressure that would have made such an arm as Mr Giggle's black and blue. The bridegroom, with a pair of chubby cheeks, which in colour precisely rivalled his new scarlet waistcoat, and his mouth expanded into a broad grin that exhibited the total range of his teeth, advanced in a sort of step that was half a walk and half a dance, as if the preconceived notion of the requisite solemnity of demeanour were struggling with the natural impulses of the overflowing joy of his heart.

Mr Fax looked with great commiseration on this bridal pair, and determined to ascertain if they had a clear notion of the evils that awaited them in

consequence of the rash step they were about to take. He therefore accosted them with an observation that the Reverend Mr Portpipe was not at leisure, but would be in a few minutes. "In the meantime," said he, "I stand here as the representative of general reason, to ask if you have duly weighed the consequences of your present proceeding."

The Bridegroom.—General Reason! I be's no soger man, and bea'n't countable to no General whatzomecomedever. We bea'n't under martial law, be we. Voine times indeed if General Reason be to interpose between a poor man and his sweetheart.

Mr Fax.—That is precisely the case which calls most loudly for such an interposition.

The Bridegroom.—If General Reason waits till I or Zukey calls loudly vor'n, he'll wait long enough. Woa'n't he, Zukey?

The Bride.—Ees, zure, Robin.

Mr Fax.—General reason, my friend, I assure you, has nothing to do with martial law, nor with any other mode of arbitrary power, but with authority that has truth for its foundation, benevolence for its end, and the whole universe for its sphere of action.

The Bridegroom.—(*Scratching his head.*) There be a mort o' voine words, but I zuppose you means to zay as how this General Reason be a Methody preacher; but I be's true earthy-ducks church, and zo be Zukey: bea'n't you, Zukey?

The Bride.—Ees, zure, Robin.

The Bridegroom.—And we has nothing to do wi' General Reason neither on us. Has we, Zukey?

The Bride.—No, zure, Robin.

Mr Fax.—Well, my friend, be that as it may, you are going to be married?

The Bridegroom.—Why, I think zo, zur, wi' General Reason's leave. Bea'n't we, Zukey?

The Bride.—Ees, zure, Robin.

Mr Fax.—And are you fully aware, my honest friend, what marriage is?

The Bridegroom.—Vor zartin I be: Zukey and I ha' got it by heart out o' t' Book o' Common Prayer. Ha'n't we, Zukey? (*This time Susan did not think proper to answer.*) It be ordained that zuch parsons as hav'n't the gift of——(*Susan gave him such a sudden and violent pinch on the arm, that his speech ended in a roar.*) Od rabbit me! that wur a twinger! I'll have my revenge, howzomecomedever. (*And he imprinted a very emphatical kiss on the lips of his blushing bride that greatly scandalized Mr Fax.*)

Mr Fax.—Do you know, that in all likelihood, in the course of six years, you will have as many children?

The Bridegroom.—The more the merrier, zur. Bea'n't it, Zukey? (*Susan was mute again.*)

Mr Fax.—I hope it may prove so, my friend; but I fear you will find the more the sadder. What are your occupations?

The Bridegroom.—Anan, zur?

Mr Fax.—What do you do to get your living?

The Bridegroom.—Works vor Varmer Brown-stout: zows and reaps, threshes, and goes to market wi' corn and cattle, turns to plough-tail when hap chances, cleans and feeds horses, hedges and ditches, fells timber, gathers in t' orchard, brews ale, and drinks it, and gets vourteen shill'n's a week vor my trouble. And Zukey here ha' laid up a mint o' money: she wur dairy-maid at Varmer Cheesecurd's, and ha' gotten vour pounds zeventeen shill'n's and ninepence, in t' old chest wi' three vlat locks and a padlock. Ha'n't you, Zukey?

The Bride.—Ees, zure, Robin.

Mr Fax.—It does not appear to me, my worthy friend, that your fourteen shillings a week, even with Mrs Susan's consolidated fund of four pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence, will be altogether adequate to the maintenance of such a family as you seem likely to have.

The Bridegroom.—Why, zur, in t' virst pleace I doan't know what be Zukey's intentions in that respect——Od rabbit it, Zukey! doa'n't pinch zo——and in t' next pleace, wi' all due submission to you and General Reason the Methody preacher, I takes it to be our look-out, and none o' nobody's else.

Mr Fax.—But it is somebody's else, for this reason; that if you cannot maintain your own children, the parish must do it for you.

The Bridegroom.—Vor zartin—in a zort o' way;

and bad enough at best. But I wants no more to do wi' t' parish than parish wi' me.

Mr Fax.—I dare say you do not, at present. But my good friend, when the cares of a family come upon you, your independence of spirit will give way to necessity; and if, by any accident, you are thrown out of work, as in the present times many honest fellows are, what will you do then?

The Bridegroom.—Do the best I can, measter, az I always does, and nobody can't do no better.

Mr Fax.—Do you suppose, then, you are doing the best you can now, in marrying, with such a doubtful prospect before you? How will you bring up your children?

The Bridegroom.—Why, in the vear o' the Lord, to be zure.

Mr Fax.—Of course: but how will you bring them up to get their living?

The Bridegroom. — That's as thereafter may happen. They woa'n't starve, I'se warrant 'em, if they teakes after their veyther. But I zees now who General Reason be. He be one o' your sinecure vundholder peaper-money taxing men, as isn't satisfied wi' takin' t' bread out o' t' poor man's mouth, and zending his chilern to army and navy, and vactories, and suchlike, but wants to take away his wife into t' bargain.

Mr Fax.—There, my honest friend, you have fallen into a radical mistake, which I shall try to elucidate for your benefit. It is owing to poor

people having more children than they can maintain, that those children are obliged to go to the army and navy, and consequently that statesmen and conquerors find so many ready instruments for the oppression and destruction of the human species: it follows, therefore, that if people would not marry till they could be certain of maintaining all their children comfortably at home——

The Bridegroom.—Lord love you, that be all mighty voine rigmarol; but the short and the long be this: I can't live without Zukey, nor Zukey without I, can you, Zukey?

The Bride.—No zure, Robin.

The Bridegroom.—Now there be a plain downright honest-hearted old English girl; none o' your quality madams, as zays one thing and means another; and zo you may tell General Reason he may teake away chair and teable, salt-box and trencher, bed and bedding, pig and pig-stye, but neither he nor all his peaper-men together shall teake away his own Zukey vrom Robin Ruddyfeace; if they shall I'm doomed.

"What profane wretch," said the Reverend Mr Portpipe, emerging from the church, "what profane wretch is swearing in the very gate of the temple?" And seeing by the bridegroom's confusion that he was the culprit, he reprimanded him severely, and declared he would not marry him that day. The very thought of such a disappointment was too much for poor Robin to bear, and, after one or two

ineffectual efforts to speak, he distorted his face into a most rueful expression, and struck up such a roar of crying as completely electrified the Rev. Mr Portpipe, whose wrath, nevertheless, was not to be mollified by Robin's grief and contrition, but yielded at length to the intercessions of Mr Forester. Robin's face cleared up in an instant, and the natural broad grin of his ruddy countenance shone forth through his tears like the sun through a shower. "You are such an honest and warm-hearted fellow," said Mr Forester, putting a bank-note into Robin's hand, "that you must not refuse me the pleasure of making this little addition to Mistress Susan's consolidated fund."—"Od rabbit me!" said the bridegroom, overcome with joy and surprise, "I doa'n't know who thee beest, but thee bees'n't General Reason, that's vor zartin."

The rustic party then followed the Reverend Mr Portpipe into the church. Robin, when he reached the porch, looked round over his shoulder to Mr Fax, and said with a very arch look, "My dutiful sárvice to General Reason." And looking round a second time before he entered the door, added: "and Zukey's too."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE VICARAGE.

WHEN the Rev. Mr Portpipe had despatched his "press of business," he set before his guests in the old oak parlour of the vicarage a cold turkey and ham, a capacious jug of "incomparable ale," and a bottle of his London Particular; all which, on trial, were approved to be excellent, and a second bottle of the latter was very soon required, and produced with great alacrity. The reverend gentleman expressed much anxiety in relation to the mysterious circumstance of the disappearance of Anthelia, on whom he pronounced a very warm eulogium, saying she was the flower of the mountains, the type of ideal beauty, the daughter of music, the rosebud of sweetness, and the handmaid of charity. He professed himself unable to throw the least light on the transaction, but supposed she had been spirited away for some nefarious purpose. He said that the mountain road had been explored without success in all its ramifications, not only by Mr Hippy and the visitors and domestics of Melin-

court, but by all the peasants and mountaineers of the vicinity—that it led through a most desolate and inhospitable tract of country, and he would advise them, if they persisted in their intention of following it themselves, to partake of his poor hospitality till morning, and set forward with the first dawn of daylight. Mr Fax seconded this proposal, and Mr Forester complied.

They spent the evening in the old oak parlour, and conversed on various subjects, during which a knotty point opposing itself to the solution of an historical question, Mr Forester expressed a wish to be allowed access to the reverend gentleman's library. The reverend gentleman hummed awhile with great gravity and deliberation: then slowly rising from his large arm-chair, he walked across the room to the further corner, where throwing open the door of a little closet, he said with extreme complacency, "There is my library: Homer, Virgil, and Horace, for old acquaintance sake, and the credit of my cloth: Tillotson, Atterbury, and Jeremy Taylor, for materials of exhortation and ingredients of sound doctrine: and for my own private amusement in an occasional half-hour between my dinner and my nap, a translation of Rabelais and the Tale of a Tub."

Mr Fax.—A well-chosen collection.

The Rev. Mr Portpipe.—Multum in parvo. But there is something that may amuse you: a little drawer of mineral specimens that have been picked up in this vicinity, and a fossil or two. Among the

latter is a curious bone that was found in a hill just by, invested with stalactite.

Mr Forester.—The bone of a human thumb, unquestionably.

The Rev Mr Portpipe.—Very probably.

Mr Forester.—Which, by its comparative proportion, must have belonged to an individual about eleven feet six or seven inches in height: there are no such men now.

Mr Fax.—Except, perhaps, among the Patagonians, whose existence is, however, disputed.

Mr Forester. — It is disputed on no tenable ground, but that of the narrow and bigoted vanity of civilized men, who, pent in the unhealthy limits of towns and cities, where they dwindle from generation to generation in a fearful rapidity of declension towards the abyss of the infinitely little, in which they will finally vanish from the system of nature, will not admit that there ever were, or are, or can be better, stronger, and healthier men than themselves. The Patagonians are a vagrant nation, without house or home, and are, therefore, only occasionally seen on the coast: but because some voyagers have not seen them, I know not why we should impeach the evidence of those who have. The testimony of a man of honour, like Mr Byron, would alone have been sufficient: but all his officers and men gave the same account. And there are other testimonies: that, for instance of M. de Guyot, who brought from the coast of Patagonia a skeleton of one of these great men, which measured

between twelve and thirteen feet. This skeleton he was bringing to Europe, but happening to be caught in a great storm, and having on board a Spanish Bishop (the Archbishop of Lima), who was of opinion that the storm was caused by the bones of this Pagan which they had on board; and having persuaded the crew that this was the case, the captain was obliged to throw the skeleton overboard. The Bishop died soon after, and was thrown overboard in his turn. I could have wished that he had been thrown overboard sooner, and then the bones of the Patagonian would have arrived in Europe.*

The Rev. Mr Portpipe.—Your wish is orthodox, inasmuch as the Bishop was himself a Pagan, and moreover an Inquisitor. And your doctrine of large men is also orthodox, for the sons of Anak and the family of Goliath did once exist, though now their race is extinct.

Mr Forester.—The multiplication of diseases, the diminution of strength, and the contraction of the term of existence, keep pace with the diminution of the stature of men. The mortality of a manufacturing town, compared with that of a mountain-village, is more than three to one, which clearly shows the evil effects of the departure from natural life, and of the coacervation of multitudes within the narrow precincts of cities, where the breath of so many animals, and the exhalations from the dead, the dying, and corrupted things of

* *Ancient Metaphysics.* vol. iii. p. 139.

all kinds, make the air little better than a slow poison, and so offensive as to be perceptible to the sense of those who are not accustomed to it; for the wandering Arabs will smell a town at the distance of several leagues. And in this country the cottagers who are driven by the avarice of landlords and great tenants to seek a subsistence in towns, are very soon destroyed by the change.* And this hiving of human beings is not the only evil effect of commerce, which tends also to keep up a constant circulation of the elements of destruction, and to make the vices and diseases of one country the vices and diseases of all.† Thus, with every extension of our intercourse with distant lands, we bring home some new seed of death; and how many we leave as vestiges of our visitation, let the South Sea Islanders testify. Consider, too, the frightful consequences of the consumption of spirituous liquors: a practice so destructive, that if all the devils were again to be assembled in Pandemonium to contrive the ruin of the human species, nothing so mischievous could be devised by them;‡ but which it is considered politic to encourage, according to our method of raising money on the vices of the people.§ When these and many other causes of destruction are considered, it would be wonderful indeed, if every new generation were not, as all experience proves that it is, smaller, weaker,

* *Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 193. † *Ibid.*, p. 191.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 181. § *Ibid.*, p. 182.

more diseased, and more miserable than the preceding.

Mr Fax.—Do you find, in the progress of science and the rapid diffusion of intellectual light, no counterpoise to this mass of physical calamity, even admitting it to exist in the extent you suppose.

Mr Forester.—Without such a counterpoise the condition of human nature would be desperate indeed. The intellectual, as I have often observed to you, are nourished at the expense of the animal faculties.

Mr Fax.—You cannot, then, conceive the existence of *mens sana in corpore sano?*

Mr Forester.—Scarcely in the present state of human degeneracy: at best in a very limited sense.

Mr Fax.—Nevertheless you do, nay, you must acknowledge that the intellectual, which is the better part of human nature, is in a progress of rapid improvement, continually enlarging its views and multiplying its acquisitions.

Mr Forester.—The collective stock of knowledge which is the common property of scientific men necessarily increases, and will increase from the circumstance of admitting the co-operation of numbers: but collective knowledge is as distinct from individual mental power as it is confessedly unconnected with wisdom and moral virtue, and independent of political liberty. A man of modern times, with machines of complicated powers, will

lift a heavier mass than that which Hector hurled from his unassisted arm against the Grecian gates; but take away his mechanism, and what comparison is there between him and Hector? In the same way a modern man of science *knows* more than Pythagoras knew: but consider them with relation only to *mental power*, and what comparison remains between them? No more than between a modern poet and Homer—a comparison which the most strenuous partisan of modern improvement will scarcely venture to institute.

Mr Fax.—I will venture to oppose Shakespeare to him nevertheless.

Mr Forester.—That is, however, going back two centuries, to a state of society very peculiar, and very fertile in genius. Shakespeare is the great phenomenon of the modern world, but his men and women are beings like ourselves; whereas those of Homer are of a nobler and mightier race; and his poetry is worthy of his characters: it is the language of the gods.

Mr Forester rose, and approached the little closet, with the avowed intention of taking down Homer. "Take care how you touch him," said the Reverend Mr Portpipe: "he is in a very dusty condition, for he has not been disturbed these thirty years."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MOUNTAINS.

THEY followed the mountain-road till they arrived at the spot where it divided into several branches, one of which they selected on some principle of preference, which we are not sagacious enough to penetrate. They now proceeded by a gradual ascent of several miles along a rugged passage of the hills, where the now flowerless heath was the only vestige of vegetation; and the sound of the little streams that everywhere gleamed beside their way, the only manifestation of the life and motion of nature.

"It is a subject worthy of consideration," said Mr Fax, "how far scenes like these are connected with the genius of liberty: how far the dweller of the mountains, who is certainly surrounded by more sublime excitements, has more loftiness of thought, and more freedom of spirit, than the cultivator of the plains?"

Mr Forester.—A modern poet has observed, that the voices of the sea and the mountains, are

the two voices of liberty: the words mountain-liberty have, indeed, become so intimately associated, that I never yet found any one who even thought of questioning their necessary and natural connection.

Mr Fax.—And yet I question it much; and in the present state of human society I hold the universal inculcation of such a sentiment, in poetry and romance, to be not only a most gross delusion, but an error replete with the most pernicious practical consequences. For I have often seen a young man of high and aspiring genius, full of noble enthusiasm for the diffusion of truth and the general happiness of mankind, withdrawn from all intercourse with polished and intellectual society, by the distempered idea, that he would nowhere find fit aliment for his high cogitations, but among heaths, and rocks, and torrents.

Mr Forester.—In a state of society so corrupted as that in which we live, the best instructors and companions are ancient books; and these are best studied in those congenial solitudes, where the energies of nature are most pure and uncontrolled, and the aspect of external things recalls in some measure the departed glory of the world.

Mr Fax.—Holding, as I do, that no branch of knowledge is valuable, but such as in its ultimate results has a plain and practical tendency to the general diffusion of moral and political truth, you must allow me to doubt the efficacy of solitary intercourse with stocks and stones, however rugged

and fantastic in their shapes, towards the production of this effect.

Mr Forester.—It is matter of historical testimony that occasional retirement into the recesses of nature has produced the most salutary effects of the very kind you require, in the instance of some of the most illustrious minds that have adorned the name of man.

Mr Fax.—That the health and purity of the country, its verdure and its sunshine, have the most beneficial influence on the mental and corporeal faculties, I am very far from being inclined to deny: but this is a different consideration from that of the connection between the scenery of the mountains and the genius of liberty. Look into the records of the world. What have the mountains done for freedom and mankind? When have the mountains, to speak in the cant of the new school of poetry, "sent forth a voice of power" to awe the oppressors of the world? Mountaineers are for the most part a stupid and ignorant race: and where there are stupidity and ignorance, there will be superstition; and where there is superstition, there will be slavery.

Mr Forester.—To a certain extent I cannot but agree with you. The names of Hampden and Milton are associated with the level plains and flat pastures of Buckinghamshire; but I cannot now remember what names of true greatness and unshaken devotion to general liberty, are associated with these heathy rocks and cloud-capped moun-

tains of Cumberland. We have seen a little horde of poets, who brought hither from the vales of the south, the harps which they had consecrated to Truth and Liberty, to acquire new energy in the mountain-winds: and now those harps are attuned to the praise of luxurious power, to the strains of courtly sycophancy, and to the hymns of exploded superstition. But let not the innocent mountains bear the burden of their transgressions.

Mr Fax.—All I mean to say is, that there is nothing in the nature of mountain-scenery either to make men free, or to keep them so. The only source of freedom is intellectual light. The ignorant are always slaves, though they dwell among the Andes. The wise are always free, though they cultivate a savannah. Who is so stupid and so servile as a Swiss, whom you find, like a piece of living furniture, the human latch of every great man's door?

Mr Forester.—Let us look back to former days, to the mountains of the North:

> Wild the Runic faith,
> And wild the realms where Scandinavian chiefs
> And Scalds arose, and hence the Scald's strong verse
> Partook the savage wildness. And methinks,
> Amid such scenes as these the poet's soul
> Might best attain full growth.*

Mr Fax.—As to the "Scald's strong verse," I

* From Southey's lines to Amos Cootle, prefixed to the latter's "Icelandic Poetry," 1797: but not reprinted in Southey's works.—G.

must say I have never seen any specimens of it that I did not think mere trash. It is little more than a rhapsody of rejoicing in carnage, a ringing of changes on the biting sword and the flowing of blood and the feast of the raven and the vulture, and fulsome flattery of the chieftain, of whom the said Scald was the abject slave, vassal, parasite, and laureat, interspersed with continual hints that he ought to be well paid for his lying panegyrics.

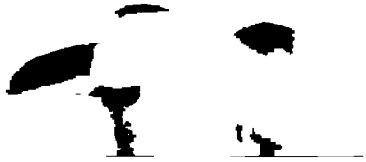
Mr Forester.—There is some justice in your observations: nevertheless, I must still contend that those who seek the mountains in a proper frame of feeling, will find in them images of energy and liberty, harmonizing most aptly with the loftiness of an unprejudiced mind, and nerving the arm of resistance to every variety of oppression and imposture, that winds the chains of power round the free-born spirit of man.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FRACAS.

AFTER a long ramble among heath and rock, and over moss and moor, they began to fear the probability of being benighted among those desolate wilds, when fortunately they found that their track crossed one of the principal roads, which they followed for a short time, and entered a small town, where they stopped for the night at an inn. They were shown upstairs into an apartment separated from another only by a movable partition, which allowed the two rooms to be occasionally laid into one. They were just sitting down to dinner when they heard the voices of some newly-arrived company in the adjoining apartment, and distinguished the tones of a female voice indicative of alarm and anxiety, and the masculine accents of one who seemed to be alternately comforting the afflicted fair one, and swearing at the obsequious waiter, with reiterated orders, as it appeared, for another chaise immediately. Mr Fax was not long in divining that the newcomers were two runaway lovers in momentary

apprehension of being overtaken; and this conjecture was confirmed, when, after a furious rattle of wheels in the yard, the door of the next apartment was burst open, and a violent scream from the lady was followed by a gruff shout of—"So, ho, miss, here you are. Gretna, eh? Your journey's marred for this time; and if you get off again, say you have my consent—that's all." Low soft tones of supplication ensued, but in undistinguishable words, and continued to be repeated in the intervals of the following harangue: "Love indeed! don't tell me. Aren't you my daughter? Answer me that. And haven't I a right over you till you are twenty-one? You may marry then; but not a rap of the ready: my money's my own all my life. Haven't I chosen you a proper husband—a nice rich young fellow not above forty-five?—Sixty, you minx! no such thing. Rolling in riches: member for Threevotes: two places, three pensions, and a sinecure: famous borough interest to make all your children generals and archbishops. And here a miserable vagabond with only five hundred a year in landed property. —Pish! love indeed!—own age—congenial minds —pshaw! all a farce. Money—money—money—that's the matter: money is the first thing—money is the second thing—money is the third thing—money is the only thing—money is everything and all things."—"Vagabond, sir," said a third voice: "I am a gentleman, and have money sufficient to maintain your daughter in comfort."—"Comfort!"



said the gruff voice again; "comfort with five hundred a year, ha! ha! ha! eh! Sir Bonus?"—"Hooh! hooh! hooh! very droll indeed," said a fourth voice, in a sound that seemed a mixture of a cough and a laugh.—"Very well, sir," said the third voice; "I shall not part with my treasure quietly, I assure you."—"Rebellion! flat rebellion against parental authority," exclaimed the second. "But I'm too much for you, youngster. Where are all my varlets and rascals?"

A violent trampling of feet, and various sounds of tumult ensued, as if the old gentleman and his party were tearing the lovers asunder by main force; and at length an agonizing scream from the young lady seemed to announce that their purpose was accomplished. Mr Forester started up with a view of doing all in his power to assist the injured damsel; and Sir Oran Haut-ton, who, as the reader has seen, had very strong feelings of natural justice, and a most chivalrous sympathy with females in distress, rushed with a desperate impulse against the partition, and hurled a great portion of it, with a violent crash, into the adjoining apartment. This unexpected event had the effect of fixing the whole group within for a few moments in motionless surprise in their respective places.

The fat and portly father, who was no other than our old acquaintance Sir Gregory Greenmould, and the old valetudinarian he had chosen for his daughter, Sir Bonus Mac Scrip, were directing the efforts of their myrmidons to separate the youthful

pair. The young lady was clinging to her lover with the tenacity of the tendrils of a vine: the young gentleman's right arm was at liberty, and he was keeping the assailants at bay with the poker, which he had seized on the first irruption of the foe, and which had left vestiges of its impression, to speak in ancient phraseology, in various green wounds and bloody coxcombs.

As Sir Oran was not habituated to allow any very long process of syllogistic reasoning to interfere between his conception and execution of the dictates of natural justice, he commenced operations by throwing the assailants one by one downstairs, who, as fast as they could rise from the ground, ran or limped away into sundry holes and coverts. Sir Bonus Mac Scrip retreated through the breach, and concealed himself under the dining-table in Mr Forester's apartment. Mr Forester succeeded in preventing Sir Gregory from being thrown after his myrmidons: but Sir Oran kept the fat Baronet a close prisoner in the corner of the room, while the lovers slipped away into the inn-yard, where the chaise they had ordered was in readiness; and the cracking of whips, the trampling of horses, and the rattling of wheels announced the final discomfiture of the schemes of Sir Gregory Greenmould, and the hopes of Sir Bonus Mac Scrip.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MAINCHANCE VILLA.

THE next day they resumed their perquisitions, still without any clue to guide them in their search. They had hitherto had the advantage of those halcyon days, which often make the middle of winter a season of serenity and sunshine; but, on this day, towards the evening, the sky grew black with clouds, the snow fell rapidly in massy flakes, and the mountains and valleys were covered with one uniform veil of whiteness. All vestiges of roads and paths were obliterated. They were winding round the side of a mountain, and their situation began to wear a very unpromising aspect, when, on a sudden turn of the road, the trees and chimneys of a villa burst upon their view in the valley below. To this they bent their way, and on ringing at the gate-bell, and making the requisite inquiries, they found it to be Mainchance Villa, the new residence of Peter Paypaul Paperstamp, Esquire, whom we introduced to our readers in the twenty-eighth chapter. They sent in their names, and received a polite invitation to

walk in. They were shown into a parlour, where they found their old acquaintance Mr Derrydown tête-à-tête at the piano with Miss Celandina, with whom he was singing a duet. Miss Celandina said, "her papa was just then engaged, but would soon have the pleasure of waiting on them: in the meantime Mr Derrydown would do the honours of the house." Miss Celandina left the room; and they learned in conversation with Mr Derrydown, that the latter, finding his case hopeless with Anthelia, had discovered some good reasons in an old ballad for placing his affections where they would be more welcome; he had therefore thrown himself at the feet of Miss Celandina Paperstamp; the young lady's father, having inquired into Mr Derrydown's fortune, had concluded, from the answer he received, that it would be a very *good match* for his daughter; and the day was already definitely arranged on which Miss Celandina Paperstamp was to be metamorphosed into Mrs Derrydown.

Mr Derrydown informed them, that they would not see Mr Paperstamp till dinner, as he was closeted in close conference with Mr Feathernest, Mr Vamp, Mr Killthedead, and Mr Anyside Antijack,* a very important personage just arrived from abroad on the occasion of a letter from Mr Mystic of Cimmerian Lodge, denouncing an approaching period of public light, which had filled Messieurs Paperstamp, Feathernest, Vamp, Kill-

* Canning.—G.

thedead, and Antijack with the deepest dismay; and they were now holding a consultation on the best means to be adopted for totally and finally extinguishing the light of the human understanding. "I am excluded from the council," proceeded Mr Derrydown, "and it is their intention to keep me altogether in the dark on the subject; but I shall wait very patiently for the operation of the second bottle, when the wit will be out of the brain, and the cat will be out of the bag."

"Is that picture a family piece?" said Mr Fax.

"I hardly know," said Mr Derrydown, "whether there is any relationship between Mr Paperstamp and the persons there represented; but there is at least a very intimate connection. The old woman in the scarlet cloak is the illustrious Mother Goose;—the two children playing at see-saw are Margery Daw and Tommy with his Banbury cake;—the little boy and girl, the one with a broken pitcher, and the other with a broken head, are little Jack and Jill: the house, at the door of which the whole party is grouped, is the famous house that Jack built; you see the clock through the window and the mouse running up it, as in that sublime strain of immortal genius, entitled Dickery Dock: and the boy in the corner is little Jack Horner eating his Christmas pie. The latter is one of the most splendid examples on record of the admirable practical doctrine of 'taking care of number one,' and he is therefore in double favour with Mr Paperstamp, for his

excellence as a pattern of moral and political wisdom, and for the beauty of the poetry in which his great achievement of extracting a plum from the Christmas pie is celebrated. Mr Paperstamp, Mr Feathernest, Mr Vamp, Mr Killthedead, and Mr Anyside Antijack are unanimously agreed that the Christmas pie in question is a type and symbol of the public purse; and as that is a pie in which every one of them has a finger, they look with great envy and admiration on little Jack Horner, who extracted a *plum* from it, and who, I believe, haunts their dreams with his pie and his plum, saying, 'Go, and do thou likewise!'"

The secret council broke up, and Mr Paperstamp entering with his four compeers, bade the new-comers welcome to Mainchance Villa, and introduced to them Mr Anyside Antijack. Mr Paperstamp did not much like Mr Forester's modes of thinking; indeed he disliked them the more, from their having once been his own; but a man of large landed property was well worth a little civility, as there was no knowing what turn affairs might take, what party might come into place, and who might have the cutting up of the Christmas pie.

They now adjourned to dinner, during which, as usual, little was said, and much was done. When the wine began to circulate, Mr Feathernest held forth for some time in praise of himself; and by the assistance of a little smattering in Mr Mystic's synthetical logic, proved himself to be a

model of taste, genius, consistency, and public virtue. This was too good an example to be thrown away; and Mr Paperstamp followed it up with a very lofty encomium on his own virtues and talents, declaring he did not believe so great a genius, or so amiable a man as himself, Peter Paypaul Paperstamp, Esquire, of Mainchance Villa, had appeared in the world since the days of Jack the Giantkiller, whose *coat of darkness* he hoped would become the costume of all the rising generation, whenever adequate provision should be made for the whole people to be taught and trained.

Mr Vamp, Mr Killthedead, and Mr Anyside Antijack were all very loud in their encomiums of the wine, which Mr Paperstamp observed had been tasted for him by his friend Mr Feathernest, who was a great connoisseur in "Sherris sack."

Mr Derrydown was very intent on keeping the bottle in motion, in the hope of bringing the members of the critico-poetical council into that state of blind self-love, when the great vacuum of the head, in which brain was, like Mr Harris's indefinite article, *supplied by negation*, would be inflated with œnogen gas, or, in other words, with the fumes of wine, the effect of which, according to psychological chemistry, is after filling up every chink and crevice of the cranial void, to evolve through the labial valve, bringing with it all the secrets both of memory and anticipation, which had been carefully laid up in the said chinks and crevices. This state at length arrived; and Mr

Derrydown, to quicken its operation, contrived to pick a quarrel with Mr Vamp, who being naturally very testy and waspish, poured out upon him a torrent of invectives, to the infinite amusement of Mr Derrydown, who, however, affecting to be angry, said to him in a tragical tone,

> "Thus in dregs of folly sunk,
> Art thou, miscreant, mad or drunk?
> Cups intemperate always teach
> Virulent abusive speech." *

This produced a general cry of "Chair! chair!" Mr Paperstamp called Mr Dérrydown to order. The latter apologised with as much gravity as he could assume, and said, to make amends for his warmth, he would give them a toast, and pronounced accordingly: "Your scheme for extinguishing the light of the human understanding: may it meet the success it merits."

Mr Anyside Antijack.—Nothing can be in a more hopeful train. We must set the alarmists at work, as in the Antijacobin war: when, to be sure, we had one or two honest men among our opposers †—(*Mr Feathernest and Mr Paperstamp smiled and bowed*)—though they were for the most part ill-read in history, and ignorant of human nature.‡

Mr Feathernest and Mr Paperstamp. — How, sir?

* Cottle's Edda, or, as the author calls it, *Translation* of the Edda, which is a misnomer.

† *Quarterly Review*, No xxxi. p. 237. ‡ *Ibid.*

Mr Anyside Antijack. — For the most part, observe me. Of course I do not include my quondam antagonists, and now very dear friends, Mr Paperstamp and Mr Feathernest, who have altered their minds, as the sublime Burke altered his mind,* from the most disinterested motives.

Mr Forester.—Yet there are some persons, and those not the lowest in the scale of moral philosophy, who have called the sublime Burke a pensioned apostate.

Mr Vamp.—Moral philosophy! Every man who talks of moral philosophy is a thief and a rascal, and will never make any scruple of seducing his neighbour's wife, or stealing his neighbour's property.†

Mr Forester.—You can prove that assertion of course.

Mr Vamp.—Prove it! The editor of the Legitimate Review required to prove an assertion!

Mr Anyside Antijack. — The church is in danger!

Mr Forester.—I confess I do not see how the church is endangered by a simple request to prove the asserted necessary connection between the profession of moral philosophy and the practice of robbery.

Mr Anyside Antijack.—For your satisfaction, sir, and from my disposition to oblige you, as you are a gentleman of family and fortune, I will prove it. Every moral philosopher discards the creed and

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi. p. 252. † *Ibid.*

commandments: * the sixth commandment says, Thou shalt not steal; therefore, every moral philosopher is a thief.

Mr Feathernest, Mr Killthedead and Mr Paperstamp. — Nothing can be more logical. The church is in danger! The church is in danger!

Mr Vamp.—Keep up that. It is an infallible tocsin for rallying all the old women about us when everything else fails.

Mr Vamp, Mr Feathernest, Mr Paperstamp, Mr Killthedead, and Mr Anyside Antijack.—The church is in danger! the church is in danger!

Mr Forester.—I am very well aware that the time has been when the voice of reason could be drowned by clamour, and by rallying round the banners of corruption and delusion a mass of blind and bigoted prejudices, that had no real connection with the political question which it was the object to cry down: but I see with pleasure that those days are gone. The people read and think: their eyes are opened; they know that all their grievances arise from the pressure of taxation far beyond their means, from the fictitious circulation of paper-money, and from the corrupt and venal state of popular representation. These facts lie in a very small compass; and till you can reason them out of this knowledge, you may vociferate "The church is in danger" for ever, without a single unpaid voice to join in the outcry.

Mr Feathernest.—My friend Mr Mystic holds

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi. p. 252.

that it is a very bad thing for the people to read: so it certainly is. Oh for the happy ignorance of former ages! when the people were dolts, and knew themselves to be so.* An ignorant man, judging from instinct, judges much better than a man who reads, and is consequently misinformed.†

Mr Vamp.—Unless he reads the Legitimate Review.

Mr Paperstamp.—Darkness! darkness! Jack the Giantkiller's coat of darkness! That is your only wear.

Mr Anyside Antijack.—There was a time when we could lead the people any way, and make them join with all their lungs in the yell of war: then they were people of sound judgment, and of honest and honourable feelings:‡ but when they pretend to feel the pressure of personal suffering, and to read and think about its causes and remedies—such impudence is intolerable.

Mr Fax.—Are they not the same people still? If they were capable of judging then, are they not capable of judging now?

Mr Anyside Antijack.—By no means: they are only capable of judging when they see with our eyes; then they see straightforward; when they pretend to use their own, they squint.§ They saw with our eyes in the beginning of the Antijacobin war. They would have determined on that war, if it had been decided by universal suffrage.‖

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi. p. 226. † *Ibid.*
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 236. § *Ibid.*, p. 226. ‖ *Ibid.*, p. 228.

Mr Fax.—Why was not the experiment tried?

Mr Anyside Antijack.—It was not convenient. But they were in a most amiable ferment of intolerant loyalty.*

Mr Forester.—Of which the proof is to be found in the immortal Gagging Bills, by which that intolerant loyalty was coerced.

Mr Anyside Antijack.—The Gagging Bills? Hem! ha! What shall we say to that?—(*To Mr Vamp.*)

Mr Vamp.—Say? The church is in danger!

Mr Feathernest, Mr Paperstamp, Mr Killthedead, and Mr Anyside Antijack.—The church is in danger! the church is in danger!

Mr Forester.—Why was a war undertaken to prevent revolution, if all the people of this country were so well fortified in loyalty? Did they go to war for the purpose of forcibly preventing themselves from following a bad example against their own will? For this is what your argument seems to imply?

Mr Fax.—That the people were in a certain degree of ferment, is true: but it required a great deal of management and delusion to turn that ferment into the channel of foreign war.

Mr Anyside Antijack.—Well, sir, and there was no other way to avoid domestic reform, which every man who desires is a ruffian, a scoundrel, and an incendiary,† as much so as those two rascals

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi., p. 228.

† *Ibid.*, p. 273, *et passim.*

Rousseau and Voltaire, who were the trumpeters of Hebert and Marat.* Reform, sir, is not to be thought of; we have been at war twenty-five years to prevent it; and to have it, after all, would be very hard. We have got the national debt instead of it: in my opinion a very pretty substitute.

Mr Derrydown sings—

> And I'll hang on thy neck, my love, my love,
> And I'll hang on thy neck for aye!
> And closer and closer I'll press thee, my love,
> Until my *dying day.*

Mr Anyside Antijack.—I am happy to reflect that the silly question of reform will have very few supporters in the Honourable House: but few as they are, the number would be lessened, if all who come into Parliament by means which that question attempts to stigmatize, would abstain from voting upon it. Undoubtedly such practices are scandalous, as being legally, and therefore morally wrong: but it is false that any evil to the legislature arises from them.†

Mr Forester.—Perhaps not, sir; but very great evil arises through them from the legislature to the people. Your admission, that they are legally, and *therefore* morally wrong, implies a very curious method of deriving morality from law; but I suspect there is much immorality that is perfectly legal, and much legality that is supremely immoral. But these practices, you admit, are both legally and morally wrong; yet you call it a silly question to

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi. p. 258. † *Ibid.*

propose their cessation; and you assert, that all who wish to abolish them, all who wish to abolish illegal and immoral practices, are ruffians, scoundrels, and incendiaries.

Mr Killthedead.—Yes, and madmen moreover, and villains.* We are all upon gunpowder! The

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi., p. 249. It is curious, that in the fourth article of the same number, from which I have borrowed so many exquisite passages, the reviewers are very angry that certain "scandalous and immoral practices" in the island of Wahoo are not reformed: but certainly, according to the logic of these reviewers, the Government of Wahoo is entitled to look upon *them* in the light of "ruffians, scoundrels, incendiaries, firebrands, madmen, and villains;" since all these hard names belong of primary right to those who propose the reformation of "scandalous and immoral practices!" The people of Wahoo, it appears, are very much addicted to drunkenness and debauchery; and the reviewers, in the plenitude of their wisdom, recommend that a few clergymen should be sent out to them, by way of mending their morals. It does not appear, whether King Tamaahmaah is a king by *divine right;* but we must take it for granted that he is not; as, otherwise, the *Quarterly Reviewers* would either not admit that there were any "scandalous and immoral practices" under his government, or, if they did admit them, they would not be such "incendiaries, madmen, and villains," as to advocate their reformation. There are some circumstances, however, which are conclusive against the *legitimacy* of King Tamaahmaah, which are these; that he is a man of great "feeling, energy, and steadiness of conduct;" that he "goes about among his people to learn their wants;" and that he has "prevented the recurrence of those horrid murders" which disgraced the reigns of his predecessors: from which it is obvious that he has neither put to death brave and generous men, who surrendered themselves under

insane and the desperate are scattering firebrands !* We shall all be blown up in a body: sinecures, rotten boroughs, secret-service-men, and the whole *honourable band of gentlemen pensioners*, will all be blown up in a body! *A stand! a stand! it is time to make a stand against popular encroachment!*

the faith of treaties, nor re-established a fallen Inquisition, nor sent those to whom he owed his crown to the dungeon and the galleys.

In the tenth article of the same number, the reviewers pour forth the bitterness of their gall against Mr Warden of the Northumberland, who has detected them in promulgating much gross and foolish falsehood concerning the captive Napoleon. They labour most assiduously to *impeach his veracity* and to *discredit his judgment*. On the first point, it is sufficient evidence of the truth of his statements, that the *Quarterly Reviewers* contradict them: but on the second, they accuse him, among other misdemeanours, of having called their *Review "a respectable work!"* which certainly *discredits his judgment* completely.

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi., p. 249.—The reader will be reminded of *Croaker* in the fourth act of the *Good-natured Man:* "Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dogs! all blown up! (*Reads.*) 'Our pockets are low, and money we must have.' Ay, there's the reason: they'll blow us up *because they have got low pockets*, ... Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! . . . Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below, and above in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. *Let all the fires be put out*, and let the *engine* be drawn out in the yard, to *play upon the house* in case of necessity."—*Croaker* was a deep politician. The *engine* to *play* upon the *house*: mark that!

Mr Vamp, Mr Feathernest, and Mr Paperstamp. —The church is in danger!

Mr Anyside Antijack. — Here is the great blunderbuss that is to blow the whole nation to atoms! the *Spencean* blunderbuss!—(*Saying these words he produced a pop-gun from his pocket,* and shot off a paper pellet in the ear of Mr Paperstamp,*

Who in a kind of study sate
Denominated brown;

which made the latter spring up in sudden fright, to

* This illustration of the old fable of the mouse and the mountain, falls short of an exhibition in the Honourable House, on the 29th of January, 1817; when Mr Canning, amidst a tremendous denunciation of the parliamentary reformers, and a rhetorical chaos of storms, whirlwinds, rising suns, and twilight assassins, produced in proof of his charges—*Spence's Plan!* which was received with an *éclat* of laughter on one side, and shrugs of surprise, disappointment, and disapprobation on the other. I can find but one parallel for the Right Honourable Gentleman's dismay:

So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear; when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.—*Paradise Lost*, x. 504.

This Spencean chimæra, which is the very foolishness of folly, and which was till lately invisible to the naked eye of the political entomologist, has since been subjected to a *lens* of *extraordinary power*, under which, like an insect in a microscope, it has appeared a formidable and complicated monster, all bristles, scales, and claws, with a "husk about it like a chestnut:" *Horridus, in jaculis et pelle Libystidis ursæ!*

the irremediable perdition of a decanter of "Sherris sack," over which Mr Feathernest lamented bitterly.)

Mr Forester.—I do not see what connection the Spencean theory, the impracticable chimæra of an obscure herd of fanatics, has with the great national question of parliamentary reform.

Mr Anyside Antijack.—Sir, you may laugh at this pop-gun, but you will find it the mallet of Thor.* The Spenceans are far more respectable than the parliamentary reformers, and have a more distinct and intelligible system ! ! !†

Mr Vamp.—Bravo ! bravo ! bravo ! There is not another man in our corps with brass enough to make such an assertion, but Mr Anyside Antijack. —(*Reiterated shouts of Bravo ! from Mr Vamp, Mr Feathernest, Mr Paperstamp, and Mr Killthedead.*)

Mr Killthedead.—Make out that, and our job is done.

Mr Anyside Antijack.—Make it out ! Nonsense ! I shall take it for granted : I shall set up the Spencean plan as a more sensible plan than that of the parliamentary reformers : then knock down the former, and argue against the latter, *à fortiori.* —(*The shouts of Bravo ! here became perfectly deafening, the critico-poetical corps being by this time much more than half-seas-over.*)

Mr Killthedead. — The members for rotten boroughs are the most independent members in

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi., p. 271. † *Ibid.*

the Honourable House, and the representatives of most constituents least so.*

Mr Fax.—How will you prove that?

Mr Killthedead.—By calling the former gentlemen, and the latter mob-representatives.†

Mr Vamp.—Nothing can be more logical.

Mr Fax.—Do you call that logic?

Mr Vamp.—Excellent logic. At least it will pass for such with our readers.

Mr Anyside Antijack.—We, and those who think with us, are the only wise and good men.‡

Mr Forester.—May I take the liberty to inquire, what you mean by a wise and a good man?

Mr Anyside Antijack.—A wise man is he who looks after the one thing needful; and a good man is he who has it. The acme of wisdom and goodness in conjunction, consists in appropriating as much as possible of the public money; and saying to those from whose pockets it is taken, "I am perfectly satisfied with things as they are. Let *well* alone!"

Mr Paperstamp.—We shall make out a very good case; but you must not forget to call the present public distress an awful dispensation:§ a little pious cant goes a great way towards turning the thoughts of men from the dangerous and jacobinical propensity of looking into moral and political causes for moral and political effects.

Mr Fax.—But the moral and political causes are now too obvious, and too universally known,

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi., p. 258. † *Ibid.*
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 273. § *Ibid.*, p. 276.

to be obscured by any such means. All the arts and eloquence of corruption may be overthrown by the enumeration of these simple words: boroughs taxes, and paper-money.

Mr Anyside Antijack.—Paper-money! What, is the ghost of bullion abroad?*

Mr Forester.—Yes! and till you can make the buried substance burst the paper cerements of its sepulchre, its ghost will continue to walk like the ghost of Cæsar, saying to the desolated nation: "I am thy evil spirit!"

Mr Anyside Antijack.—I must say, I am very sorry to find a gentleman like you taking the part of the swinish multitude, who are only fit for beasts of burden, to raise subsistence for their betters, pay taxes for placemen, and recruit the army and navy for the benefit of legitimacy, divine right, the Jesuits, the Pope, the Inquisition, and the Virgin Mary's petticoat.

Mr Paperstamp.—Hear! hear! hear! Hear the voice which the stream of Tendency is uttering for elevation of our thought!

Mr Forester.—It was once said by a poet, whose fallen state none can more bitterly lament than I do:†

> We shall exult if they who rule the land
> Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
> Wise, upright, valiant; not a venal band,
> Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
> And honour which they do not understand.

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi., p. 260.

† Wordsworth. The lines are taken almost verbatim from Sir Philip Sidney.—G.

Mr Feathernest.—Poets, sir, are not amenable to censure, however frequently their political opinions may exhibit marks of inconsistency.* The Muse, as a French author says, is a mere *étourdie*, a *folâtre* who may play at her option on heath or on turf, and transfer her song at pleasure from Hampden to Ferdinand, and from Washington to Louis.

Mr Forester.—If a poet be contented to consider himself in the light of a merry-andrew, be it so. But if he assume the garb of moral austerity, and pour forth against corruption and oppression the language of moral indignation, there would at least be some decency, if, when he changes sides, he would let the world see that conversion and promotion have not gone hand in hand.

Mr Feathernest.—What decency might be in that, I know not: but of this I am very certain, that there would be no wisdom in it.

Mr Anyside Antijack.—No! no! there would be no wisdom in it.

Mr Feathernest.—Sir, I am a wise and a good man: mark that, sir; ay, and an honourable man.

Mr Vamp.—"So are we all, all honourable men!"

Mr Anyside Antijack.—And we will stick by one another with heart and hand——

Mr Killthedead. — To make a stand against popular encroachment——

* *Quarterly Review*, No. xxxi., p. 192.

Mr Feathernest.—To bring back the glorious ignorance of the feudal ages——

Mr Paperstamp.—To rebuild the mystic temples of venerable superstition——

Mr Vamp.—To extinguish, totally and finally, the light of the human understanding——

Mr Anyside Antijack.—And to get all we can for our trouble!

Mr Feathernest.—So we will all say.

Mr Paperstamp.—And so we will all sing.

QUINTETTO.

MR FEATHERNEST, MR VAMP, MR KILLTHEDEAD, MR PAPERSTAMP, AND MR ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

To the tune of "*Turning, turning, turning, as the wheel goes round.*"

RECITATIVE.—MR PAPERSTAMP.

Jack Horner's CHRISTMAS PIE my learned nurse
Interpreted to mean the *public purse.*
From thence a *plum* he drew. O happy Horner!
Who would not be ensconced in thy snug corner?

THE FIVE.

While round the public board all eagerly we linger,
For what we can get we will try, try, try:
And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR FEATHERNEST.

By my own poetic laws, I'm a dealer in applause
For those who don't deserve it, but will buy, buy, buy:
So round the court I linger, and thus I get a finger,
A finger, finger, finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR VAMP.

My share of pie to win, I will dash through thick and thin,
And philosophy and liberty shall fly, fly, fly:
And truth and taste shall know, that their everlasting foe
Has a finger, finger, finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR KILLTHEDEAD.

I'll make my verses rattle with the din of war and battle,
For war doth increase sa-la-ry, ry, ry:
And I'll shake the public ears with the triumph of Algiers,
And thus I'll get a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR PAPERSTAMP.

And while you thrive by ranting, I'll try my luck at canting,
And scribble verse and prose all so dry, dry, dry:
And Mystic's patent smoke public intellect shall choke,
And we'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

We'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

My tailor is so clever, that my coat will turn for ever
And take any colour you can dye, dye, dye :
For all my earthly wishes are among the loaves a fishes,
And to have my little finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we'll all have a finger, finger, and finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

CHAPTER XL.

THE HOPES OF THE WORLD.

THE mountain-roads being now buried in snow, they were compelled, on leaving Mainchance Villa, to follow the most broad and beaten track, and they entered on a turn-pike road which led in the direction of the sea.

"I no longer wonder," said Mr Fax, "that men in general are so much disposed, as I have found them, to look with supreme contempt on the literary character, seeing the abject servility and venality by which it is so commonly debased."*

* "To scatter praise or blame without regard to justice, is to destroy the distinction of good and evil. Many have no other test of actions than general opinion; and all are so far influenced by a sense of reputation, that they are often restrained by fear of reproach, and excited by hope of honour, when other principles have lost their power; nor can any species of prostitution promote general depravity more, than that which destroys the force of praise by showing that it may be acquired without deserving it, and which, by setting free the active and ambitious from the dread of infamy, lets loose the rapacity of power, and weakens the only authority by which greatness is controlled. What credit can he expect who professes himself the hireling of vanity however profligate, and without shame or scruple celebrates the worthless,

richest countries; * and that the increase of superfluous enjoyment in the few is counterbalanced by

* "Besides all these evils of modern times which I have mentioned, there is in some countries of Europe, and particularly in England, another evil peculiar to civilized countries, but quite unknown in barbarous nations. The evil I mean is *indigence*, and the reader will be surprised when I tell him that it is *greatest in the richest countries;* and, therefore, in England, which I believe is the richest country in Europe, there is more indigence than in any other; for the number of people that are there maintained on public or private charity, and who may therefore be called *beggars*, is prodigious. What proportion they may bear to the whole people, I have never heard computed: but I am sure it must be very great. And I am afraid in those countries they call rich, indigence is not confined to the lower sort of people, but extends even to the better sort: for such is the effect of wealth in a nation, that (however paradoxical it may appear) it does at last make all men poor and indigent; the lower sort through idleness and debauchery, the better sort through luxury, vanity, and extravagant expense. Now, I would desire to know from the greatest admirers of modern times, who maintain that the human race is not degenerated, but rather improved, whether they know any other source of human misery, besides vice, disease, and indigence, and whether these three are not in the greatest abundance in the rich and flourishing country of England? I would further ask these gentlemen, whether, in the cities of the ancient world, there were poor's houses, hospitals, infirmaries, and those other receptacles of indigence and disease which we see in the modern cities? And whether, in the streets of ancient Athens and Rome, there were so many objects of disease, deformity, and misery to be seen as in our streets, besides those which are concealed from public view in the houses above mentioned? In later times, indeed, in those cities, when the corruption of manners was almost as great as

the proportionate diminution of comfort in the many. Splendid equipages and sumptuous dwellings are far from being symbols of general prosperity. The palace of luxurious indolence is much rather the symbol of a thousand hovels, by the labours and privations of whose wretched inhabitants that baleful splendour is maintained. Civilization, vice, and folly grow old together. Corruption begins among the higher orders, and from them descends to the people; so that in every nation the ancient nobility is the first to exhibit symptoms of corporeal and mental degeneracy, and to show themselves unfit both for council and war. If you recapitulate the few titled names that will adorn the history of the present times, you will find that almost all of them are new creations. The corporeal decay of mankind I hold to be undeniable: the increase of general knowledge I allow: but reason is of slow growth; and if men in general only become more corrupt as they become more learned, the progress of literature will oppose no adequate counterpoise to that of avarice, luxury, and disease.

Mr Fax.—Certainly, the progress of reason is slow, but the ground which it has once gained it never abandons. The interest of rulers, and the prejudices of the people, are equally hostile to everything that comes in the shape of innovation;

among us, some such things might have been seen as we are sure they were to be seen in Constantinople, under the later Greek Emperors."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii., p. 194.

but all that now wears the strongest sanction of antiquity was once received with reluctance under the semblance of novelty: and that reason, which in the present day can scarcely obtain a footing from the want of precedents, will grow with the growth of years, and become a precedent in its turn.*

Mr Forester.—Reason may be diffused in society, but it is only in minds which *have courage enough to despise prejudice, and virtue enough to love truth only for itself,*† that its seeds will germinate into wholesome and vigorous life. The love of truth is the most noble quality of human intellect, the most delightful in the interchange of private confidence, the most important in the direction of those speculations which have public happiness for their aim. Yet of all qualities this is the most rare: it is the Phœnix of the intellectual world. In private intercourse, how very very few are they whose assertions carry conviction! How much petty deception, paltry equivocation, hollow profession, smiling malevolence, and polished hypocrisy combine to make a desert and a solitude of what is called society! How much empty pretence and simulated patriotism, and shameless venality, and unblushing dereliction of principle, and clamorous recrimination, and daring imposture, and secret

* "Omnia, quæ nunc vetustissima creduntur, nova fuêre. Inveterascet hoc quoque: et, quod hodie exemplis tuemur, inter exempla erit."—TACITUS, *Ann XI.* 24.

† *Drummond's Academical Questions*—Preface, p. 4.

cabal, and mutual undermining of "Honourable Friends," render utterly loathsome and disgusting the theatre of public life! How much timid deference to vulgar prejudice, how much misrepresentation of the motives of conscientious opponents, how many appeals to unreflecting passion, how much assumption of groundless hypothesis, how many attempts to darken the clearest light and entangle the simplest clue, render not only nugatory, but pernicious, the speculations of moral and political reason! Pernicious, inasmuch as it is better for the benighted traveller to remain stationary in darkness, than to follow an *ignis fatuus* through the fen! Falsehood is the great vice of the age: falsehood of heart, falsehood of mind, falsehood of every form and mode of intellect and intercourse: so that it is hardly possible *to find a man of worth and goodness of whom to make a friend: but he who does find such an one will have more enjoyment of friendship than in a better age; for he will be doubly fond of him, and will love him as Hamlet does Horatio, and with him retiring and getting, as it were, under the shelter of a wall, will let the storm of life blow over him.**

Mr Fax.—But that retirement must be consecrated to philosophical labour, or, however delightful to the individuals, it will be treason to the public cause. Be the world as bad as it may, it would necessarily be much worse if the votaries of truth and the children of virtue were all to with-

* *Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii., p. 280.

draw from its vortex, and leave it to itself. If reason be progressive, however slowly, the wise and good have sufficient encouragement to persevere; and even if the doctrine of deterioration be true, it is no less their duty to contribute all in their power to retard its progress, by investigating its causes and remedies.

Mr Forester.—Undoubtedly. But the progress of theoretical knowledge has a most fearful counterpoise in the accelerated depravation of practical morality. The frantic love of money, which seems to govern our contemporaries to a degree unprecedented in the history of man, paralyzes the energy of independence, darkens the light of reason, and blights the blossoms of love.

Mr Fax.—The *amor sceleratus habendi* is not peculiar either to our times or to civilised life. *Money you must have, no matter from whence,* is a sentence, if we may believe Euripides, as old as the heroic age: and *the monk Rubruquis says of the Tartars, that, as parents keep all their daughters till they can sell them, their maids are sometimes very stale before they are married.**

Mr Forester.—In that respect, then, I must acknowledge the Tartars and we are much on a par. It is a collateral question well worth considering, how far the security of property, which contributes so much to the diffusion of knowledge, and the permanence of happiness, is favourable to the growth of individual virtue?

* *Malthus on Population,* book i. chap. vii.

Mr Fax.—Security of property tranquillizes the minds of men, and fits them to shine rather in speculation than in action. In turbulent and insecure states of society, when the fluctuations of power, or the incursions of predatory neighbours, hang like the sword of Damocles over the most flourishing possessions, friends are more dear to each other, mutual services and sacrifices are more useful and more necessary, the energies of heart and hand are continually called forth, and shining examples of the self-oblivious virtues are produced in the same proportion as mental speculation is unknown or disregarded: but our admiration of these virtues must be tempered by the remark, that they arise more from impulsive feeling than from reflective principle; and that where life and fortune hold by such a precarious tenure, the first may be risked, and the second abandoned, with much less effort than would be required for inferior sacrifices in more secure and tranquil times.

Mr Forester.—Alas, my friend! I would willingly see such virtues as do honour to human nature, without being very solicitous as to the comparative quantities of impulse and reflection in which they originate. If the security of property and the diffusion of general knowledge were attended with a corresponding increase of benevolence and *individual mental power*, no philanthropist could look with despondency on the prospects of the world: but I can discover no symptoms of either the one or the other. Insatiable accumulators,

overgrown capitalists, fatteners on public spoil, I cannot but consider as excrescences on the body politic, typical of disease and prophetic of decay: yet it is to these and such as these, that the poet tunes his harp, and the man of science consecrates his labours: it is for them that an enormous portion of the population is condemned to unhealthy manufactories, not less deadly but more lingering than the pestilence: it is for them that the world rings with lamentations, if the most trivial accident, the most transient sickness, the most frivolous disappointment befall them: but when the prisons swarm, when the workhouses overflow, when whole parishes declare themselves bankrupt, when thousands perish by famine in the wintry streets, where then is the poet, where is the man of science, where is the *elegant* philosopher? The poet is singing hymns to the great ones of the world, the man of science is making discoveries for the adornment of their dwellings or the enhancement of their culinary luxuries, and the *elegant* philosopher is much too refined a personage to allow such vulgar subjects as the sufferings of the poor to interfere with his sublime speculations. *They are married and cannot come!*

Mr Fax.—Εψαυσας αλγεινοτατας εμοι μεριμνας! * Those *elegant* philosophers are among the most fatal enemies to the advancement of moral and political knowledge; laborious triflers, profound investigators of nothing, everlasting talkers about

* Sophocles, Antigone, 850. (Ed. Erfurdt.)

taste and beauty, who see in the starving beggar only the picturesqueness of his rags, and in the ruined cottage only the harmonizing tints of moss, mildew and stonecrop.

Mr Forester.—We talk of public feeling and national sympathy. Our dictionaries may define those words and our lips may echo them, but we must look for the realities among less enlightened nations. The Canadian savages cannot imagine the possibility of any individual in a community having a full meal while another has but half an one: * still less could they imagine that one should have too much, while another had nothing. Theirs is that bond of brotherhood which nature weaves and civilization breaks, and from which the older nations grow, the farther they recede.

Mr Fax.—It cannot be otherwise. The state you have described is adapted only to a small community, and to the infancy of human society. I shall make a very liberal concession to your views, if I admit it to be possible that the middle stage of the progress of man is worse than either

* "It is notorious, that towards one another the Indians are liberal in the extreme, and for ever ready to supply the deficiencies of their neighbours with any superfluities of their own. They have no idea of amassing wealth for themselves individually; and they wonder that persons can be found in any society so destitute of every generous sentiment, as to enrich themselves at the expense of others, and to live in ease and affluence regardless of the misery and wretchedness of members of the same community to which they themselves belong."—WELD'S *Travels in Canada; Letter XXXV.*

the point from which he started, or that at which he will arrive. But it is my decided opinion that we have passed that middle stage, and that every evil incident to the present condition of human society will be removed by the diffusion of moral and political knowledge, and the general increase of moral and political liberty. I contemplate with great satisfaction the rapid decay of many hoary absurdities, which a few transcendental hierophants of the venerable and the mysterious are labouring in vain to revive. I look with well-grounded confidence to a period when there will be neither slaves among the northern, nor monks among the southern Americans. The sun of freedom has risen over that great continent, with the certain promise of a glorious day. I form the best hopes for my own country, in the mental improvement of the people, whenever she shall breathe from the pressure of that preposterous system of finance which sooner or later must fall by its own weight.

Mr Forester.—I apply to our system of finance, a fiction of the northern mythology. The ash of Yggdrasil overshadows the world: Ratatosk, the squirrel, sports in the branches: Nidhogger, the serpent, gnaws at the root.* The ash of Yggdrasil is the tree of national prosperity: Ratatosk the squirrel is the careless and unreflecting fundholder: Nidhogger the serpent is POLITICAL CORRUPTION, which will in time consume the root, and spread the branches on the dust. What will then become of the squirrel?

* See the Edda and the Northern Antiquities.

Mr Fax.—Rotatask must look to himself: Nidhogger must be killed: and the ash of Yggdrasil will rise like a vegetable Phœnix to flourish again for ages.

Thus conversing, they arrived on the sea-shore, where we shall leave them to pursue their way, while we investigate the fate of Anthelia.

CHAPTER XLI.

ALGA CASTLE.

ANTHELIA had not ventured to resume her solitary rambles after her return from Onevote; more especially as she anticipated the period when she should revisit her favourite haunts in the society of one congenial companion whose presence would heighten the magic of their interest, and restore to them that feeling of security which her late adventure had destroyed. But as she was sitting in her library on the morning of her disappearance, she suddenly heard a faint and mournful cry, like the voice of a child in distress. She rose, opened the window, and listened. She heard the sounds more distinctly. They seemed to ascend from that part of the dingle immediately beneath the shrubbery that fringed her windows. It was certainly the cry of a child. She immediately ran through the shrubbery and descended the rocky steps into the dingle, where she found a little boy tied to the stem of a tree, crying and sobbing as if his heart would break. Anthelia easily set him at liberty, and his

grief passed away like an April shower. She asked who had the barbarity to treat him in such a manner? He said he could not tell—four strange men on horseback had taken him up on the common where his father lived, and brought him there and tied him to the tree, he could not tell why. Anthelia took his hand and was leading him from the dingle, intending to send him home by Peter Gray, when the men who had made the little child their unconscious decoy, broke from their ambush, seized Anthelia, and taking effectual precautions to stifle her cries, placed her on one of their horses, and travelled with great rapidity along narrow and unfrequented ways, till they arrived at a solitary castle on the sea-shore, where they conveyed her to a splendid suite of apartments, and left her in solitude, locking, as they retired, the door of the outer room.

She was utterly unable to comprehend the motive of so extraordinary a proceeding, or to form any conjecture as to its probable result. An old woman of a very unmeaning physiognomy shortly after entered, to tender her services; but to all Anthelia's questions, she only replied with a shake of the head, and a smile which she meant to be very consolatory.

The old woman retired, and shortly after re-appeared with an elegant dinner, which Anthelia dismissed untouched. "There is no harm intended you, my sweet lady," said the old woman; "so pray don't starve yourself." Anthelia assured her she

had no such intention, but had no appetite at that time; but she drank a glass of wine at the old woman's earnest entreaty.

In the evening the mystery was elucidated by a visit from Lord Anophel Achthar; who, falling on his knees before her, entreated her to allow the violence of his passion to plead his pardon for a proceeding which nothing but the imminent peril of seeing her in the arms of a rival could have induced him to adopt. Anthelia replied, that if his object were to obtain her affections, he had taken the most effectual method to frustrate his own views; that if he thought by constraint and cruelty to obtain her hand without her affections, he might be assured that he would never succeed. Her heart, however, she candidly told him, was no longer in her power to dispose of; and she hoped, after this frank avowal, he would see the folly, if not the wickedness, of protracting his persecution.

He now, still on his knees, broke out into a rhapsody about love, and hope, and death, and despair, in which he developed the whole treasury of his exuberant and overflowing folly. He then expatiated on his expectations, and pointed out all the advantages of wealth and consequence attached to the title of Marchioness of Agaric, and concluded by saying, that she must be aware so important and decisive a measure had not been taken without the most grave and profound deliberation, and that he never could suffer her to make her exit from Alga Castle in any other character than

that of Lady Achthar. He then left her to meditate on his heroic resolution.

The next day he repeated his visit—resumed his supplications—reiterated his determination to persevere — and received from Anthelia the same reply. She endeavoured to reason with him on the injustice and absurdity of his proceedings; but he told her the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub and Mr Feathernest the poet had taught him that all reasonings pretending to point out absurdity and injustice were manifestly jacobinical, which he, as one of the pillars of the state, was bound not to listen to.

He renewed his visits every day for a week, becoming with every new visit less humble and more menacing, and consequently more disagreeable to Anthelia, as the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub, by whose instructions he acted, secretly foresaw and designed. The latter now undertook to plead his Lordship's cause, and set in a clear point of view to Anthelia the inflexibility of his Lordship's resolutions, which, properly expounded, could not fail to have due weight against the alternatives of protracted solitude and hopeless resistance.

The reverend gentleman, however, had other views than those he held out to Lord Anophel, and presented himself to Anthelia with an aspect of great commiseration. He said he was an unwilling witness of his Lordship's unjust proceedings, which he had done all in his power to prevent, and which had been carried into effect against his will

It was his firm intention to set her at liberty as soon as he could devise the means of doing so; but all the outlets of Alga Castle were so guarded that he had not yet been able to devise any feasible scheme for her escape: but it should be his sole study night and day to effect it.

Anthelia thanked him for his sympathy, and asked why he could not give notice to her friends of her situation, which would accomplish the purpose at once. He replied, that Lord Anophel already mistrusted him, and that if anything of the kind were done, however secretly he might proceed, the suspicion would certainly fall upon him, and that he should then be a ruined man, as all his worldly hopes rested on the Marquis of Agaric. Anthelia offered to make him the utmost compensation for the loss of the Marquis of Agaric's favour; but he said that was impossible, unless she could make him a bishop, as the Marquis of Agaric would do. His plan, he said, must be to effect her liberation, without seeming to be himself in any way whatever concerned in it; and though he would willingly lose everything for her sake, yet he trusted she would not think ill of him for wishing to wait a few days, that he might try to devise the means of serving her without ruining himself.

He continued his daily visits of sympathy, sometimes amusing her with a hopeful scheme, at others detailing with a rueful face the formidable nature of some unexpected obstacle, hinting continually at his readiness to sacrifice everything for

her sake, lamenting the necessity of delay, and assuring her that in the meanwhile no evil should happen to her. He flattered himself that Anthelia, wearied out with the irksomeness of confinement, and the continual alternations of hope and disappointment, and contrasting the respectful tenderness of his manner with the disagreeable system of behaviour to which he had fashioned Lord Anophel, would at length come to a determination of removing all his difficulties by offering him her hand and fortune as a compensation for his anticipated bishopric. It was not, however, very long before Anthelia penetrated his design; but as she did not deem it prudent to come to a rupture with him at that time, she continued to listen to his daily details of plans and impediments, and allowed him to take to himself all the merit he seemed to assume for supplying her with music and books; though he expressed himself very much shocked at her asking him for Gibbon and Rousseau, whose works, he said, ought to be burned *in foro* by the hands of *Carnifex*.

The windows of her apartment were at an immense elevation from the beach, as that part of the castle-wall formed a continued line with the black and precipitous side of the rock on which it stood. During the greater portion of the hours of daylight she sate near the window with her harp, gazing on the changeful aspects of the wintry sea, now slumbering like a summer lake in the sunshine of a halcyon day—now raging beneath the

sway of the tempest, while the dancing snow-flakes seemed to accumulate on the foam of the billows, and the spray was hurled back like snow-dust from the rocks. The feelings these scenes suggested she developed in the following stanzas, to which she adapted a wild and impassioned air, and they became the favourite song of her captivity.

THE MAGIC BARK.

I.

O Freedom ! power of life and light !
Sole nurse of truth and glory !
Bright dweller on the rocky cliff !
Lone wanderer on the sea !
Where'er the sunbeam slumbers bright
On snow-clad mountains hoary ;
Wherever flies the veering skiff,
O'er waves that breathe of thee !
Be thou the guide of all my thought—
The source of all my being—
The genius of my waking mind—
The spirit of my dreams !
To me thy magic spell be taught,
The captive spirit freeing,
To wander with the ocean-wind
Where'er thy beacon beams.

II.

O ! sweet it were, in magic bark,
On one loved breast reclining,
To sail around the varied world,
To every blooming shore ;
And oft the gathering storm to mark
Its lurid folds combining ;

And safely ride, with sails unfurled,
Amid the tempest's roar;
And see the mighty breakers rave
On cliff and sand and shingle,
And hear, with long re-echoing shock,
The caverned steeps reply;
And while the storm-cloud and the wave
In darkness seemed to mingle,
To skim beside the surf-swept rock,
And glide uninjured by.

III.

And when the summer seas were calm,
And summer skies were smiling,
And evening came, with clouds of gold,
To gild the western wave;
And gentle airs and dews of balm,
The pensive mind beguiling,
Should call the Ocean Swain to fold
His sea-flocks in the cave,
Unearthly music's tenderest spell,
With gentlest breezes blending
And waters softly rippling near
The prow's light course along,
Should flow from Triton's winding shell,
Through ocean's depths ascending
From where it charmed the Nereid's ear,
Her coral bowers among.

IV.

How sweet, where eastern Nature smiles,
With swift and mazy motion
Before the odour-breathing breeze
Of dewy morn to glide;
Or 'mid the thousand emerald isles
That gem the southern ocean,

Where fruits and flowers, from loveliest trees,
O'erhang the slumbering tide:
Or up some western stream to sail,
To where its myriad fountains
Roll down their everlasting rills
From many a cloud-capped height,
Till mingling in some nameless vale,
Mid forest-cinctured mountains,
The river-cataract shakes the hills
With vast and volumed might.

V.

The poison-trees their leaves should shed,
The yellow snake should perish,
The beasts of blood should crouch and cower,
Where'er that vessel past:
All plagues of fens and vapours bred,
That tropic fervours cherish,
Should fly before its healing power,
Like mists before the blast.
Where'er its keel the strand imprest
The young fruit's ripening cluster,
The bird's free song, its touch should greet
The opening flower's perfume;
The streams along the green earth's breast
Should roll in purer lustre,
And love should heighten every sweet,
And brighten every bloom.

VI.

And, Freedom! thy meridian blaze
Should chase the clouds that lower,
Wherever mental twilight dim
Obscures Truth's vestal flame,
Wherever Fraud and Slavery raise
The throne of blood-stained Power,

Wherever Fear and Ignorance hymn
Some fabled dæmon's name!
The bard, where torrents thunder down
Beside thy burning altar,
Should kindle, as in days of old,
The mind's ethereal fire;
Ere yet beneath a tyrant's frown
The Muse's voice could falter,
Or Flattery strung with chords of gold
The minstrel's venal lyre.

CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION.

LORD ANOPHEL one morning paid Anthelia his usual visit. "You must be aware, Miss Melincourt," said he, "that if your friends could have found you out, they would have done it before this; but they have searched the whole country far and near, and have now gone home in despair."

Anthelia.—That, my Lord, I cannot believe; for there is one, at least, who I am confident will never be weary of seeking me, and who, I am equally confident, will not always seek in vain.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—If you mean the young lunatic of Redrose Abbey, or his friend the dumb Baronet, they are both gone to London to attend the opening of the Honourable House; and if you doubt my word, I will show you their names in the *Morning Post*, among the Fashionable Arrivals at Wildman's Hotel.

Anthelia.—Your Lordship's word is quite as good as the authority you have quoted.

Lord Anophel Achthar. — Well, then, Miss Melincourt, I presume you perceive that you are completely in my power, and that I have gone too far to recede. If, indeed, I had supposed myself an object of such very great repugnance to you, which I must say (*looking at himself in a glass*) is quite unaccountable, I might not, perhaps, have laid this little scheme, which I thought would be only settling the affair in a compendious way; for, that any woman in England would consider it a very great hardship to be Lady Achthar, and hereafter Marchioness of Agaric, and would feel any very mortal resentment for means that tended to make her so, was an idea, egad, that never entered my head. However, as I have already observed, you are completely in my power: both our characters are compromised, and there is only one way to mend the matter, which is, to call in Grovelgrub, and make him strike up "Dearly beloved."

Anthelia.—As to your character, Lord Anophel, that must be your concern. Mine is in my own keeping; for, having practised all my life a system of uniform sincerity, which gives me a right to be believed by all who know me, and more especially by all who love me, I am perfectly indifferent to private malice or public misrepresentation.

Lord Anophel Achthar.—There is such a thing, Miss Melincourt, as tiring out a man's patience; and 'pon honour, if gentle means don't succeed with you, I must have recourse to rough ones, 'pon honour.

Anthelia.—My Lord!

Lord Anophel Achthar.—I am serious, curse me. You will be glad enough to hush all up, then, and we'll go to court together in due form.

Anthelia.—What you mean by hushing up, Lord Anophel, I know not: but of this be assured, that under no circumstances will I ever be your wife; and that whatever happens to me in any time or place, shall be known to all who are interested in my welfare. I know too well the difference between the true quality of a pure and simple mind, and the false affected modesty which goes by that name in the world, to be intimidated by threats which can only be dictated by a supposition that your wickedness would be my disgrace, and that false shame would induce me to conceal what both truth and justice would command me to make known.

Lord Anophel stood aghast for a few minutes, at the declaration of such unfashionable sentiments. At length saying, "Ay, preaching is one thing, and practice another, as Grovelgrub can testify;" he seized her hand with violence, and threw his arm round her waist. Anthelia screamed, and at that very moment a violent noise of ascending steps was heard on the stairs; the door was burst open, and Sir Oran Haut-ton appeared in the aperture, with the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub in custody, whom he dragged into the apartment, followed by Mr Forester and Mr Fax. Mr Forester flew to Anthelia, who threw herself into his arms, hid her

face in his bosom, and burst into tears: which when Sir Oran saw, his wrath grew boundless, and quitting his hold of the Rev. Mr Grovelgrub (who immediately ran downstairs, and out of the castle, as fast as a pair of short thick legs could carry him), seized on Lord Anophel Achthar, and was preparing to administer natural justice by throwing him out at the window; but Mr Fax interposed, and calling Mr Forester's attention, which was totally engaged with Anthelia, they succeeded in rescuing the terrified sprig of nobility; who immediately leaving the enemy in free possession, flew downstairs after his reverend tutor; whom, on issuing from the castle, he discovered at an immense distance on the sands, still running with all his might. Lord Anophel gave him chase, and after a long time came within hail of him, and shouted to him to stop. But this only served to quicken the reverend gentleman's speed; who, hearing the voice of pursuit, and too much terrified to look back, concluded that the dumb Baronet had found his voice, and was then in the very act of gaining on his flight. Therefore, the more Lord Anophel shouted "Stop!" the more nimbly the reverend gentleman sped along the sands, running and roaring all the way, like Falstaff on Gadshill; his Lordship still exerting all his powers of speed in the rear, and gaining on his flying Mentor by very imperceptible gradations: where we shall leave them to run *ad libitum*, while we account for the sudden appearance of Mr Forester and his friends.

We left them walking along the shore of the sea, which they followed, till they arrived in the vicinity of Alga Castle, from which the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub emerged in evil hour, to take a meditative walk on the sands. The keen sight of the natural man descried him from far. Sir Oran darted on his prey; and though it is supposed that he could not have overtaken the swift-footed Achilles,* he had very little difficulty in overtaking the Reverend Mr Grovelgrub, who had begun to run for his life, as soon as he was aware of the foe. Sir Oran shook his stick over his head, and the reverend gentleman dropping on his knees, put his hands together, and entreated for mercy, saying "he would confess all." Mr Forester and Mr Fax came up in time to hear the proposal: the former restrained the rage of Sir Oran, who, however, still held his prisoner fast by the arm; and the reluctant divine, with many a heavy groan, conducted his unwelcome company to the door of Anthelia's apartments.

"O Forester!" said Anthelia, "you have real-

* "The civilised man will submit to the greatest pain and labour, in order to excel in any exercise which is honourable; and this induces me to believe that such a man as Achilles might have beat in running even an oran outang, or the savage of the Pyrenees, whom nobody could lay hold of, though that be the exercise in which savages excel the most, and though I am persuaded that the oran outang of Angola is naturally stronger and swifter of foot than Achilles was, or than even the heroes of the preceding age, such as Hercules, and such as Theseus, Pirithous, and others mentioned by Nestor."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii., p. 76.

ised all my wishes. I have found you the friend of the poor, the enthusiast of truth, the disinterested cultivator of the rural virtues, the active promoter of the cause of human liberty. It only remained that you should emancipate a captive damsel, who, however, will but change the mode of her durance, and become your captive for life."

It was not long after this event, before the Reverend Mr Portpipe, and the old chapel of Melincourt Castle, were put in requisition, to make a mystical unit of Anthelia and Mr Forester. The day was celebrated with great festivity throughout their respective estates, and the Reverend Mr Portpipe was *voti compos*, that is to say, he had taken a resolution on the day of Anthelia's christening, that he would on the day of her marriage drink one bottle more than he had ever taken at one sitting on any other occasion; which resolution he had now the satisfaction of carrying into effect.

Sir Oran Haut-ton continued to reside with Mr Forester and Anthelia. They discovered in the progress of time that he had formed for the latter the same kind of reverential attachment as the Satyr in Fletcher forms for the Holy Shepherdess:* and Anthelia might have said to him in the words of Corin:

* See Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*. The following extracts from the Satyr's speeches to Corin will explain the allusion in the text.

> But behold a fairer sight!
> By that heavenly form of thine,

They wrong thee that do call thee rude:
Though thou be'st outward rough and tawny-hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his who boasts himself born only heir
To all humanity.

His greatest happiness was in listening to the music of her harp and voice: in the absence of

Brightest fair! thou art divine!
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live! Therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity.
Act I., Scene I.

Brightest! if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it: were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of the fairies all her beauty,
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.
Act IV., Scene II.

Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
Like Apollo. Tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest

which he solaced himself, as usual, with his flute and French horn. He became likewise a proficient in drawing; but what progress he made in the art of speech we have not been able to ascertain.

Mr Fax was a frequent visitor at Melincourt, and there was always a cover at the table for the Reverend Mr Portpipe.

Mr Hippy felt half inclined to make proposals to Miss Evergreen; but understanding from Mr Forester, that, from the death of her lover in early youth, that lady had irrevocably determined on a single life,* he comforted himself with passing half

> For the Satyr? Shall I stray
> In the middle air, and stay
> The sailing rack? or nimbly take
> Hold by the moon, and gently make
> Suit to the pale queen of night
> For a beam to give thee light?
> Shall I dive into the sea,
> And bring thee coral, making way
> Through the rising waves that fall
> In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
> I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
> Whose woven wings the summer dyes
> Of many colours? Get thee fruit?
> Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute?
> All these I'll venture for, and more,
> To do her service all these woods adore.
>
> *Act V., Scene V.*

* "There are very few women who might not have married in some way or other. The old maid, who has either never formed an attachment, or who has been disappointed in the object of it, has, under the circumstances in which she has been placed, conducted herself with the

his time at Melincourt Castle, and dancing the little Foresters on his knee, whom he taught to call him "grandpapa Hippy," and seemed extremely proud of the imaginary relationship.

Mr Forester disposed of Redrose Abbey to Sir Telegraph Paxarett, who, after wearing the willow twelve months, married, left off driving, and became a very respectable specimen of an English country gentleman.

We must not conclude without informing those among our tender-hearted readers, who would be much grieved if Miss Danaretta Contantina Pinmoney should have been disappointed in her principal object of making a *good match*, that she had at length the satisfaction, through the skilful management of her mother, of making the happiest of men of Lord Anophel Achthar.

most perfect propriety; and has acted a much more virtuous and honourable part in society, than those women who marry without a proper degree of love, or at least of esteem, for their husbands; a species of immorality which is not reprobated as it deserves." — *Malthus on Population*, book iv.

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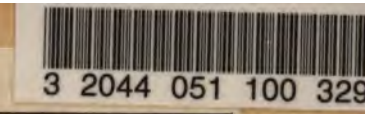

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